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A PETITION.

BY D. T. T.

Thy latticed window open wide
Lets in the summer breeze—
The sweets of jasmine and of rose—
The sigh of leaf-crowned trees.
All Summer sounds—all scents of June
Are welcome all day long—
If all of these may entrance find,
Dear love, why not my song?

Thy hand is ever open, sweet,
To succor others' woe—
What gifts thou givest to their need,
But God and thou may know.
And suppliants for thy charity
Unanswered never stand—
Thou givest them all that hand can give—
Why not give me the hand?

In thy pure heart the poor find room,
And all who suffer—sweet,
Whatever cause has smitten them.
Ah, then, how much more meet
To succor me, whom thou hast hurt.
Thy heart to these is true,
And to that heart they find a way—
Ah! let me find one, too.

Her Own Deception.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S FAITH," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTMAS DAY had come and gone and still Lady Grace's guests remained at Camelford Park. She had chosen most judiciously, for they had fraternized remarkably well from their beginning.

There were skating parties, walking expeditions, and even one or two sleighing exploits, and all seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. In the evening there were dancing, charades, tableaux; and there was neither time nor opportunity for moping, or even feeling dull, in the round of amusements the graceful hostess had provided.

By far the prettiest of the fair girls at the Park was Minna Gregson; and Lady Grace augured well for the success of her plans when she saw that, without doubt, Basil was attracted by the golden-haired fairy whose dark blue eyes often turned towards the keen gray ones of the young physician. True he could not, or would not, Ellen thought sometimes, give them much of his society during the day-time, but in the evening he nearly always formed one of the party; and Minna and Lady Grace consoled themselves with the thought that a doctor's time was not his own, and that he could not always be where he would. So during the day-time pretty Minna allowed Everard to be her slave and most obedient cavalier, but, when they assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, a very wistful pleading glance from the pretty eyes brought Basil to her side. That it was the correct thing for him to take her in to dinner seemed to be conceded by common consent, and Everard suffered all the tortures of the green-eyed monster until after dinner, when he was again allowed to form one of Minna's little court, while Basil sat beside her on the *causeuse* and looked amused at her dainty way of carrying on operations and playing with the numerous admirers fate had assigned her.

Lady Grace had given Minna a little hint about Basil. Something about a sad, mysterious story had excited all the girl's romance and interest, and she had been herself attracted by his gentle manner, his perfect courtesy, and the deep shade of sorrow and pain which lay in the depths of the dark gray eyes. But she knew well and felt thoroughly that she would not win his love; and, like a sensible girl, gave up the attempt when she saw it was hopeless. She was a tender-hearted little maiden notwithstanding her pretty affectations and her propensity to flirt; and the unspoken, but evident sympathy she evinced when they were talking soothed and pleased Basil, and he was but too willing to enjoy the pleasure. The thought of anything farther never crossed his mind, his wound was too recent, too fresh for that; and the very thought of Constance Jamieson, a song she had cared for, music she had played, a flower she had loved, gave him exquisite pain.

His host and Lady Grace were not very deep students of human nature, and they thought things were turning out as they hoped, for Basil seemed to be regaining much of his lost cheerfulness. They little guessed that Minna was winning the wrong heart and surrendering her own to the wrong person. They congratulated themselves on the success of their conspiracy, and Lady Grace whispered in her husband's ear what a handsome couple they would make, and began talking of wedding-cake and favors.

It was the last night of the year, and the visitors at Camelford were gathered in the new drawing-room, a handsome modern apartment opening with French windows on to the lawn, and which was generally used instead of the grand state drawing-room, in which Lady Grace laughingly said she felt "so very small."

There was no dancing that evening; no one had started the idea; and it seemed as if they would pass the last night of that year, so eventful to some there, in quiet happiness. Ellen Venne was at the grand piano, playing dreamy bits of Sabastian Bach and Felix Mendelssohn with a perfect knowledge and appreciation of their beauties; and the others were listening quietly, showing their appreciation of the music by their silence.

The room was lighted with numerous wax lights, but the curtains had been drawn back at once or two of the windows. It was a very dark night, for there was no moon, only the silver stars gleaming in the deep dark sky. Lady Grace Camelford had drawn near her husband, and he clasped her hand firmly in his. The hearts of both were full of quiet happiness and gratitude, which had no vent in words, and an earnest desire was in the heart of each that the years to come would be happier ones than the years past.

At the other end of the room a group of young people were listening silently to Ellen's melody. Everard, his face gloomy enough, and with very anxious eyes, was standing with one elbow on the mantelpiece, near him Hugh was standing whispering soft nothings to a pretty young girl, who listened complacently and blushed becomingly. But it was a couple sitting together at a little distance apart from their companions who seemed to attract Everard most. Minna Gregson, looking very sweet and fair in her white silk evening dress, the soft swansdown trimmings enhancing her delicate prettiness, was sitting in a low-arm chair, while Basil Venne was bending over her, speaking earnestly and with unusual animation; and it seemed as if he was pleading with her, asking a boon at her pretty hands.

Their faces were turned towards the window near which they sat, so that the moved expression on the one and the earnest entreaty on the other could not be seen; but both were distinctly visible to an unseen watcher without, who, crouching down in the darkness near the window, could see plainly all that passed within. Nothing escaped those eyes straining themselves in the darkness of the winter night without to the light and warmth within—not the least movement of those two figures near the window. Those eager watchful eyes noted every shining fold of Minna's dress, the laces shading the soft white arms, the deep red rose in her golden hair, the tremulous movement of the little hands, the timid yet speaking little smile which came to the sweet lips at last, and the shyness, half happy, half frightened, on the lovely face. They marked well Basil Venne's earnest demeanor, the entreaty on his face, the sorrowful pleading in the gray eyes, the half proud, half tender smile which came from time to time. The watcher could almost guess—so intense was the gaze—the words he was speaking, from the movement of his lips.

When at last Minna raised her eyes full of tears to his face and put her hands in his, and Basil bent his head and touched them with his lips, the room and its inmates seemed to swim before those watching eyes, and she to whom they belonged sank to the ground with a low moan of unutterable anguish and pain. But a few minutes elapsed ere the sound of footsteps approaching made her start up and, with staggering uneven steps, try to move away. But the footsteps came nearer and nearer, there was an exclamation of surprise, and then a man's voice said—

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"—and a hand was laid on her shoulder.

Very slowly she raised her face, and through the blinding mist of tears saw a face and a pair of keen gray eyes she knew well.

"Constance," exclaimed a familiar voice in tones of unmitigated surprise—"Constance!"

For a few moments she tried to answer, but no words came; only choked sobs came from her lips; and Hugh Venne was alarmed at the terrible agony he was witnessing.

"My poor girl!" he said tenderly, as he put his arms around her.

Constance Jamieson's head sank on the shoulder of his rough ulster, and for a few moments neither could speak.

"Dear Connie," he said at length—the name by which no one called her now almost destroyed the composure she was struggling to regain—"what is the meaning of this? What are you doing here?"

"Longing for what my own sin deprived me of!" she answered, with a despairing pathos in the voice which went to Hugh's heart. "Oh Hugh, dear Hugh, do not betray me! I know I was wrong, but I so longed to see him once more; just to know, to see for myself that he was not unhappy, that my sin had not given him the suffering I feared it would. Let my go now!"

But Hugh held the little struggling hands fast in his, and drew her under the shelter of a rustic summer-house on the border of the lawn.

"Constance," he said earnestly, "If you loved him, how could you deceive him so cruelly?"

"I do not know; I was mad, I think. But, Hugh, I was so lonely, so wretched, and his love was so precious! I am the only sufferer—thank Heaven for that; so you need not grieve!"

"He has suffered sadly," replied Hugh sorrowfully; "and"—speaking a little more coldly—"he suffers still."

"It would not seem so!" she said bitterly. "Come with me."

She took his hand and led him silently and swiftly across the lawn, and they took up their position near the window again for a moment. Basil and Minna had risen and were standing up now; her hand was within his arm, and he was bending over the fair face, sparkling with smiles and tears, raised to his. Hugh marvelled a little; but as the light from within fell full upon his companion's face, he saw the spasm of pain which crossed it as she turned away.

"Will you see him, Connie?" he asked gently. "Would it make you happier?"

But she seemed so terrified that Hugh was sorry he had asked her.

"You will not tell him?" she entreated. "Oh, Hugh, if you have any pity, any compassion for my misery, you will not tell him! Will you not spare me this?"

"I would do anything to make you happier!" he said impetuously. "I cannot believe you are so unworthy as they would imply, Constance, I so hoped you would be my sister."

Constance raised her face gratefully and gave him a little pitiful smile.

"He will give you one infinitely better," she answered softly. "But your words give me a pleasure I have not felt for long. Thank you for them, dear Hugh, and for the generous friendship you showed me in those happy days which seem so far away in the past now."

"Are you staying at Grassmere?" he said then.

"We came to-night. Janet is with me. We leave to morrow morning. Do not come with me, Hugh; I am quite safe."

In reply he drew her hand within his arm, and they walked down the drive together. In a few moments they came upon Janet.

"Now, go dear Hugh," said Constance brokenly, "Thank you for ever for your kindness. Some day perhaps, when they are happy together, you can tell him that I prayed Heaven to bless them both."

There was a warm hand-clasp exchanged then, the two women hurried away, and Hugh returned more slowly to the house, his heart so full of mingled feelings that, until he was once more at the great hall-door, he quite forgot the sprig of holly he had come to obtain for Miss Mallett. He returned to get it; and when he rejoined the party in the drawing-room Hugh Venne was as grave as he had been gay, and Miss Mallett laughingly declared that he must have seen a ghost.

"Have you seen anything, Hugh?" asked Mr. Camelford, smiling. "You look quite pale!"

"I saw the ghost of the Old Year, I suppose," he replied. See; midnight is just going to strike. Shall we open all the doors and windows and give the New Year a welcome?"

As they did so, Lady Grace nestled close to her husband, whispering softly—

"Dear Old Year, which brought me much happiness!"

He bent over her and touched her brow softly with his lips, while Everard Venne walked quickly to his brother's side.

"May the New Year bring you greater happiness than the last, Basil," he said hoarsely.

"Thank you, old fellow," came the quiet answer. "Will you come to my room for a few minutes to-night? I have something to tell you."

"Yes, I will come," replied Everard as he turned away, trying to stifle the angry jealous feelings crowding into his heart.

Shortly after midnight the party separated; and, as Ellen Venne bade her brother "good night," she said wistfully—

"Will it be a happy New Year to you, Basil?"

"It will be a very happy one to one of your brothers, Nellie; rest satisfied with the assurance, sister mine, and sleep sweetly."

But the recollection of Basil's mournful eyes, as he said those light words, spoiled Ellen's rest that night, as they had often done before.

"Come in, old fellow," said Basil cheerfully, when Everard knocked at the door that night.

Basil was sitting in a comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and looked up and smiled at his brother. Everard sat down; and for a moment there was a pause, during which both brothers looked thoughtfully into the fire. Then the younger raised his eyes and glanced at his elder brother's face, trying to read there the glad news he supposed he had to give. But Basil's face was not the face of a happy man. He was leaning back on the cushions in an attitude of excessive weariness, round his mouth there was an expression of deep sadness, the

shadow under his eyes were heavy and dark, and his face was lined and marked as few men's are at his age. Everard felt his heart drawn irresistibly to his brother; his was the face of a man who had suffered, and who suffered still; and Everard felt that he would willingly give up his own happiness if, by so doing he could secure Basil's. After a few minutes Basil spoke.

"I asked you to come to me to night, Everard because I have some news for you."

Everard made no reply.

"It is good news, old fellow," Doctor Venne went on.

"I think I can guess, Basil;" and Everard's voice was very low as he spoke.

"Can you? I doubt it," said the other gaily. "Appearances were against us, I own: but you must never judge by them, Everard. If you supposed that my conversation with Minna Gregson meant a confession of love, you are right; if you thought her answer was favorable, you are right also."

"Then I must gratulate you, Basil;" and Everard paled to his lips as he spoke.

"On my success? Thanks"—had Basil smiled a little. "But Everard, before you congratulate me on anything else, you ought to know that it was not my love I confessed to her, nor hers for me which I discovered."

Here Doctor Venne was silent again for a moment, looking into the fire with his sad eyes.

"It was not my love, but yours, old fellow; it was not my cause I pleaded, but my brother's. The love she confessed was not her affection for me, but for my brother Everard; and the knowledge of that love is my New Year's gift to you, Everard."

CHAPTER IV.

EVERARD'S engagement gave entire satisfaction to the party of the Pleasaunce. There were no drawbacks to this engagement, and Minna was received by all with open arms. Ellen sighed a little when she understood the words Basil had spoken in answer to her question, "Will the New Year be a happy one to you?" But, if she had hoped otherwise, she was greatly pleased at Everard's happiness, and welcomed his little *fiancee* with sisterly affection.

When the spring came, it brought with it a wedding which furnished the population of Grassmere with table talk for a month at least. The church was decorated with fair spring blossoms, and the school children in new print dresses and fresh straw hats, scattered primroses under the bride's feet, as she passed up the narrow winding path in the churchyard, into the stone porch where the bridesmaids awaited her, curtseying low in their pretty white draperies as she entered; and they followed her up the carpeted aisle to where Everard stood, pale and grave as usual, but with a happy light in his eyes. Then Mr. Cuthorin spoke in his deep-toned grave voice, and Hugh Venne, as "best" man, handed his brother the little gold circlet, and the words were spoken which made Everard Venne and Minna Gregson man and wife. While the wedding party in the vestry were signing registers and exchanging gratulations, the bride's little step-sisters were distributing favors to the wedding guests, and the organ struck up the "Wedding March." As they went down to the carriage Basil tried to say some pretty commonplaces to the bridesmaid who had fallen to his lot, trying vainly to shut out the recollection of a sweet pale face and wistful dark eyes which he had watched so often in that very church, and which would come before him to day with persistent returning, and would not be banished.

There was a grand breakfast at Camelford Park, a display of bridal gifts, and speeches were made and healths drank; and in the afternoon the happy couple started for London, *en route* for Belgium, where they were to spend a couple of months before Everard returned to his work; for he was junior partner in the firm of lawyers at Exeter with whom his father had been connected.

* * * * * *

It was the height of the London season. Hyde Park was thronged with carriages and well dressed pedestrians, and Rotten Row was alive with pretty equestrians and their attendant cavaliers. The theatres, too, were not idle; new pieces were coming out and many old favorites were reappearing on the boards. Mr. Bentley was anticipating great success from a few comedy, founded on a well-known and popular novel, and in which Miss Engel Courtney was to perform the principal female *role*.

The manager was sitting in the private room at the "Vivacity"—one of the daintiest and prettiest of the London houses—the desk before him covered with papers of all kinds, letters, MSS, and play-bills; but he was not writing, and seemed to be waiting for some one; for his face brightened when there was a knock at the door, and Constance Jamieson came quietly in.

"I am disturbing you, Mr. Bentley?"

"By no means;" and he shook hands, and placed a chair for her.

She was dressed in black, but with her usual quiet elegance. Everything about her was deeply simple, rich and graceful, and she wore a long mantle, trimmed with dark fur, which contrasted strongly with the extreme pallor on her face.

"It is a cold morning," said the manager as he stirred the fire.

"Yes; there is a sharp east wind."

"Are you walking or driving?"

"Walking."

"No brougham yet?"—and Mr. Bentley gave her a smiling glance. She laughed as she replied—

"No brougham. I cannot see the necessity of a brougham, Mr. Bentley, when cabs will answer my purpose. I am a very humble personage after all!"

"You are a very great lady, on the contrary. Seriously, though, I should be much better pleased if you would do yourself justice and give yourself more rest. Is it any wonder you look so pale when you sit up all night with sick folk instead of resting yourself after playing? Is it reasonable, my child?"

"It does not hurt me. I am quite well and strong. I wanted to thank you for your kindness to that poor girl, Mr. Bentley, and to have a final consultation about that new play of Mr. Jack Robinson's."

"Yes," he rejoined briskly, "here it is."

As he took up the MS. from the table, an envelope was dislodged and fell to the floor. Anticipating his movement she stooped, lifted the envelope and replaced it, saying lightly—

"Wedding cards, Mr. Bentley! Whose, may I ask?"

"Old ones," he rejoined, turning over the MS. with busy fingers; "young Venne's I believe."

There was a moment's silence, and he went on without looking up.

"The plot is good, you see; but it is full of defects; still I think something might be made of it, and the idea is novel and attractive. The part of Florence Ralford has evidently been written for you."

"So Mr. Robinson says," replied Constance in her quiet voice; "and he begs me to use every interest I may have with you."

"I suppose you would like to play in it," he went on meditatively. "Robinson is here, I think. I will go and have five minutes talk with him, if you will excuse me. By-the-way, I have a note here for you from my wife; she wants you to change your decision about the ninth, I fancy."

He handed her a little note, and left her to its perusal; but, though she opened it mechanically and tried to read it, she saw nothing but a pretty highly-glazed envelope edged with silver, and tied with silver twist. Once she put out her hand to touch it, but drew it back again, then put it out again and finally turned away her head and buried her hands, sitting thus until she heard Mr. Bentley coming along the passage. Then she raised her head, and her face had regained the same quiet expression it had worn before The manager came in, accompanied by a fair-haired, wild-looking young fellow, who bowed profoundly to the young actress, and began at once.

"Mr. Bentley is in a most unreasonable humor, Miss Courtney," he said. "He wants to cut out the most effective bits of my play just because they are a little improbable."

"Only because they are impossible"—and Mr. Bentley laughed. "The public will accept most things, I grant you; but recollect, my dear sir, that your comedy is meant to be an ordinary drawing-room piece, and you must try to arrange things a little less improbably; for instance——"

And they took up the MS. and pored over it together, arguing and criticising, appealing now and then to Constance as she sat, apparently listening, but with thoughts very far away. At last an amicable conclusion was arrived at, Mr. Robinson went off with profuse thanks and acknowledgements and Constance rose to go.

"What answer am I to give Mr. Bentley?" asked the manager. "We are very anxious you should come. We have at last persuaded my brother and his wife to leave Croydon to itself for a few days; and, though they have not seen you play, they are anxious to make your acquaintance."

"You are very kind, but I must ask you to excuse me. I do not like to leave Jennie Lane if I have a spare evening."

"You owe something to your other friends," he returned in an annoyed manner.

"Do not be angry with me," she said gently. "Mrs. Bentley knows I am a little out of spirits. Ask her if she will let me come to luncheon to morrow and have a quiet chat; and don't be vexed with an old friend who owes you so much kindness."

"It is hard to be angry with you," he answered, softening. "Come, by all means, and perhaps Lucy will coax you over to meet these newly-married folk who will be here then. I mean young Venne and his bride."

But Constance only shook her head as she hurried away, and, leaving the theatre, walked swiftly homeward. Resolved as she had been to try to forget her love for Basil Venne, it was only now, when she saw that its conquest was a necessity, that she recognised how feebly she had fought against it, and how utterly she had failed. It had been so sweet, if so sad, to think of the last summer and its bitter sweet memories, to remember Basil's unfailing tenderness and love for her then, to take out the few notes she had received from him and con them over and over—though they generally consisted of a line or two to account for his absence or appoint an hour for driving—to sit with his photograph before her, studying the frank handsome face until she knew its heart.

It had been but a sad consolation, but it had consoled her, and it must all be given up. It was sin to think of him now; and Constance Jamieson's first action was to unlock her desk and take out the precious mementoes. She did not dare to read the notes again; she did not dare even to glance at the beloved face. Holding them resolutely behind her she approached the grate, where a cheery little fire was blazing, and, turning away, sank down pale and trembling on a sofa, hiding her face in her hands.

For the next few days she was haunted by the idea that she would see Basil and his wife among the spectators at the "Vivacity;" but the thought that Mrs. Bentley might induce her brother not to take his young wife to the place where he might see the woman he once loved, helped her to overcome the terror.

She was quite ignorant of what Everard had told his brother, that he had seen her at Waterloo with a stranger; and never dreamt for a moment that Basil had attributed her departure from Grassmere to anything but a dread of seeing him again when her deceit was discovered.

The fact that Basil was quite unaware of her real identity, and had no other idea than that she had left him for some wealthier suitor, had never entered her mind; nor had she supposed that Ellen Venne had kept her secret from the family, and had let Everard's information suffice for the reason given for her conduct.

So a few days' quiet consideration removed the fear. It was not likely that Basil would care to see her again. She was a great deal occupied at this time; the duties of her profession kept her days and most of her evenings fully employed. Any spare time was devoted to a young girl belonging to Mr. Bentley's company, who had been very ill, and whose name was Jennie Lane. Constance was acting with more than her usual brilliancy too; she threw herself heart and soul into her work, and the "Vivacity" was crowded night after night.

One Tuesday evening one of the boxes on the first tier of the "Vivacity" was occupied by Captain and Mrs. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Everard Venne, and Basil.

Everard and his wife had returned from Brussels a few days previously to finish their trip with a few day's stay with Captain and Mrs. Bentley; and to their delight found Basil in town, where he had come to hear some important and interesting lectures by Sir Philip Foster.

Sir Philip had received Dr. Venne most warmly, insisted upon his spending a few days with him, and introduced him to a number of medical celebrities; and Basil was charmed and fascinated with the great man's kindness and urbanity. Sir Philip was a widower; he had lost an only son, who, if he had lived, would have been about Basil's age; and there was a singular charm to him in this young man, whose face showed that he too had seen trouble.

"I wish you would give up Grassmere and come to me," Sir Philip had said one evening. "Think over it, Venne; I should like it greatly, and the advantages to yourself would be inestimably greater."

Basil Venne could see that; and, though he was not naturally an ambitious man, his imagination was fired by the prospect Sir Philip held out to him. His position in London as Sir Philip's assistant and partner would be infinitely superior to his position at Grassmere as far as pecuniary profit went. The work would be far greater; but to an enthusiast in his profession, which Basil certainly was, that prospect had a certain charm. Added to it was the attraction of cultivated, learned colleagues, whose society would aid and benefit him. On the other side there was his father who would miss him; his mother, whom it would pain; and Ellen, his dear, affectionate sister, whose kindness was so unchanging and so constant that it was his greatest pleasure now.

Sir Philip was too wise a man to press his wishes; he let matters take their own course, confident in his success at last.

When Everard and Minna took up their abode in town, they insisted upon Basil joining in their sight-seeing and pleasure-going; and, seeing that his sister-in-law's kind little heart was really set upon it, he joined them occasionally; and, when he received Minna's note, asking him to go with them to the "Vivacity" and see Miss Courtney, he instantly acquiesced, curious to see an actress of whom he heard Sir Philip himself speak in the highest terms of admiration. So Basil accompanied his brother and Minna, his sister Lottie and Captain Bentley to the theatre.

The play was founded on the common but touching story of a girl marrying a man she does not love, and meeting a man in her married life whom she loves with passionate devotion. Her unyielding resistance to temptation when her whole heart is beating with love, her faithfulness to her husband, who ill-treats her and gives her every opportunity, by his neglect, to deceive him, were touchingly and well-portrayed; and though there was nothing very remarkable in the piece, it could not fail to charm and to attract when played as Constance Jamieson and her fellow-actors played it.

It was only at the end of the first act that Basil's attention was really drawn to the stage, for Miss Courtney did not appear until the second act; but the little he noticed was sufficient to interest him, and he awaited the rising of the drop-scene with almost as much eagerness as Minna herself.

The curtain rose on a handsomely-furnished modern boudoir, exquisite and perfect in all its details—the "Vivacity" scene-painters and decorators were renowned. The stage was unoccupied; but in a few moments a lady entered, crossed the stage slowly, and sat down on a couch in an attitude of weariness and dejection.

"What a lovely face!" said Minna; but she was the only one who spoke.

The others were silent, recognising, with deep astonishment, in the actress Engel Courtney, the woman Basil had known and loved as Constance Jamieson.

Lottie Bentley turned to her husband, who had almost instinctively glanced at Basil.

Everard, too, moved to look at his brother, closed his hand tightly over his wife's and looked at the stage with eyes too dazed to distinguish much that was going on there.

Basil himself was, to all appearances, the calmest of the party.

For a moment Captain Bentley thought he did not recognize her; but Basil knew her at once. Yes, it was Constance: the slim, stately figure, grace itself; the proud turn of the head, the deep earnest eyes, the sweet firm mouth, the very color of the dress she wore—cream with a shade of dark brown—all spoke to Basil, and told him that it was Constance.

During the entire act not a word was spoken in their box.

Minna was entranced with the exquisite acting and the infinite pathos of the unhappy young wife.

Lottie Bentley's eyes were full; and Basil sat, with his head resting on his hand, looking earnestly at the stage, his face very stern and grave, his lips gnawing nervously at the heavy drooping moustache. Even then the silence was unbroken, until Mr. Bentley came up to inquire how they liked Miss Courtney.

Basil was the first to reply.

"It is wonderful acting," he said—"almost too real. May I ask you, Mr. Bentley, how long the lady in question has been on the stage?"

"About five years," he replied. "She has never acted at any other house in London."

"Would you do me an immense favor, Mr. Bentley?" Basil went on eagerly. "I shall appreciate it as it deserves, on my honor."

"I can guess it," said the manager laughingly. "To introduce you to Miss Courtney?"

"What perspicuity!" exclaimed Basil. "Well, will you do so?"

"I will introduce you with pleasure," replied the manager, laying a stress on the pronoun. "But I must warn you," he added more gravely—"Miss Courtney is a thorough lady; and——"

"You need not fear, Mr. Bentley," said Basil a little stiffly; "I will show her every consideration. If I am not very much mistaken we have met before; but on that occasion, she called herself Miss Constance Jamieson."

Mr. Bentley looked greatly surprised.

"Constance Jamieson is her real name; but it is known to no one but ourselves. I think that she invariably calls herself Courtney."

"I must have been greatly favored," said Basil, with a very unusual sneer on his pale face. "Will you let me renew my acquaintance now?"

"The curtain will rise directly. You must restrain your impatience until it falls. You will have ample time, as she does not come on again until the middle of the fourth act."

Basil kept silence during the third act; but he watched the stage with the same intent gaze, and, even amid the passionate anger and confusion of his mind, he was struck with Constance's acting—the quiet ease and the matchless grace which distinguished it.

When the curtain fell again, Mr. Bentley conducted Basil to those mysterious regions known to the uninitiated as "behind the scenes."

To the question whether Miss Courtney was in her dressing-room or the green-room he received the answer that she was in the green-room.

Basil followed him thither, outwardly calm, inwardly in a fever of agitation and excitement.

The green-room was a large, handsome apartment; and, when they reached it, it was almost unoccupied, for most of the actors were changing their costumes for the afterpiece and the fourth act of the comedy only required Miss Courtney and two of the actors.

When Mr. Bentley and Basil entered the room, she was standing by the handsomely-carved mantelpiece, talking to two gentlemen, one of whom Basil recognized as one of the actors in the comedy; the other was Mr. Jack Robinson.

Constance's face was turned away, and she appeared to be studying an engraving the author was showing her.

She herself would have formed no bad subject for a picture as she stood.

She wore a quaintly-made but very becoming dress of blue silk, very thick and heavy, the long folds falling round her and sweeping the ground at her feet.

At her throat she wore some richly-chased silver ornaments, the same in her hair and on the white, partially bare arms.

Mr. Bentley went forward quietly, and Basil followed.

Both gentlemen received a half-bow from her companions; but she herself did not move until Mr. Bentley spoke.

"Miss Courtney," he said, "this gentleman wishes very much to be introduced to you. Allow me to present to you Doctor Venne. Doctor Venne—Miss Courtney."

Then she raised her eyes; they met the mocking gaze of a pair of dark gray ones; once again Basil Venne and Constance Jamieson stood face to face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN.—Of all virtues, the one most talked about, is the one least practised in any essential sense. We have plenty of almsgiving, and a great deal of tender personal affection for friends and relations; a few of us have a certain broad philosophic tolerance for difference of opinion, and have come to the belief that each man has the right to think as he deems best, provided always that he does not translate his thoughts into action hurtful to the community. Of real charity as a habit of judgment, of sincere good will towards men not connected with us by the ties of nature love, or self-interest, how few of us know anything, or care to learn what we do not know! Christianity is the religion of all that ever came upon the earth, which is founded most expressly on this virtue of good will. M. S.

NOTHING promotes happiness more than an even temper.

OVER THE BALUSTERS.

BY S. U. W.

Over the balusters bends a face,
Dazzlingly sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace,
And watches the picture smiling.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
I wonder why she lingers,
And when all the good nights are said
Why somebody holds her fingers—

Holds her fingers, and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her loose hair drops its masses brown
Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the balusters soft hands fair
Brush his cheeks like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress,
She has flown like a bird from the hallway;
But over the balusters drops a "Yes"
That shall brighten the world for him alway.

Bravely Won.

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

MRS. SYLVESTER and her daughter lived in a pretty villa in the neighborhood of Clapham.

The good old lady was what most people would consider comfortably off; but she, who had once known all the luxuries that wealth can bestow, regarded herself as one of the unfortunates who merited as much pity as the wretched pauper who crawls into the station-house for a night's shelter.

Mrs. Sylvester had more shortcomings than her dissatisfaction as to her means.

She was inordinately vain.

When I say vain, I mean what most people erroneously term "proud."

Her husband had been a man of large means, but a few years prior to the commencement of our story had lost many thousands in a horrible bank failure, which brought ruin to thousands upon thousands of homes.

It had broken his heart.

Mrs. Sylvester found herself at his death possessing a bare fifteen hundred a year.

She had borne but one child, a daughter, now one-and-twenty years of age.

Maud Sylvester was transcendently beautiful.

Everybody raved about her.

Even those of her own sex were compelled to acknowledge that she was "extremely good-looking."

How many and many a young gentleman who had but obtained a passing look at her lovely face, would have given all in his possession to have been a visitor at the little villa in the neighborhood of Clapham.

But few visitors ever crossed that modest-looking threshold.

Old Lady Fopping, an old friend of Mrs. Sylvester's, called occasionally—driving up in her carriage and pair, (which filled Mrs. Sylvester's heart with vain pleasure,) and old Lord Waistrill looked in now and again to talk scandal and have afternoon-tea.

These were her choicest visitors.

Miss Maud Sylvester was not of the same temperament as her mother, though she loved and cherished her most fondly and sincerely.

Amongst those who visited her and her mother was one Lucy Chambers, the daughter of a gentleman who, like themselves, was comparatively-speaking poor.

Mr. Chambers and Mrs. Sylvester had never liked each other; but the late Mrs. Chambers and Mrs. Sylvester had got on well together, and thus the acquaintanceship between the two families had been kept up.

Besides, Maud and Lucy were much attached to each other, and this fact, as much as anything else, tended to prolong the unity between the inmates of the villa in the neighborhood of Clapham, and the house in Bayswater, where Mr. Chambers resided.

Now Mr. Chambers had an only son, a fine handsome fellow, with an unselfish, independent spirit that did honor to him.

Maud Sylvester had met Arthur Chambers at Bayswater several times, and, though he little guessed it, she had felt shoot through her heart that strange entrancing sensation which bespeaks the birth of love.

It is highly probable he would have gone on in his blindness until doomsday had not his good sister opened his eyes.

Lucy and Arthur were as devoted to one another as it is possible for brother and sister to be; and as Lucy idolized her friend Maud, it was only natural that she should look upon a union between her and her "dear old Arthur," as she called him, as the most desirable thing imaginable.

Accordingly, to the accomplishment of that end she struggled with a determination not often to be found in the gentler sex, especially when not seeking a husband for themselves.

It was at a Christmas party at Mr. Chambers's that Lucy's endeavors were crowned with at least partial success.

Arthur Chambers on that memoral night, when seeing Maud Sylvester home, told her the story of his love, and asked her if she would be his wife, and on that frosty Christmas night, beneath the starlit skies, they plighted their vows of undying love.

Mrs. Sylvester had spent her Christmas at Lord Waistrill's. His youngest son was just home from abroad. He had been absent for four years. The truth of the matter was, he had made his own country too hot to hold him, and in the words of the poet, had "left his country for his country's good."

Now it struck Lord Waistrill, his son having ruined his prospects in society, and having neither the brains to do anything for himself nor the prospect of any money, the best thing to do for him was to find him a wife with sufficient to keep him.

He thought of Mrs. Sylvester's daughter. The Sylvesters were not in society, and Mrs. Sylvester, who loved to be patronized by his lordship, would jump at the bare idea of marrying her daughter into a family of title. It would gratify her vanity to perfection.

She did not know how his son's name was held in society, and she would imagine that the marriage in question would raise her and her daughter in the social scale.

Not long after the eventful Christmas night already mentioned, when Mrs. Sylvester first set eyes on Lord Waistrill's son, his lordship brought that young hopeful to call at the villa in the neighborhood of Clapham.

"Doocid poky-looking place you've brought me to," lisped my lord's offspring, as he stepped out of the brougham, and eyed the unpretentious villa.

"Never mind the cage; the contents are the principal thing," answered my lord, with one of his knowing winks; then taking his son's arm for the sake of effect, though he was quite as capable of supporting his son as that dissipated young man was capable of supporting him, they crawled up the steps.

When they left the Honorable Augustus Waistrill was in ecstacies.

"He had never seen so lovely a creature! She was without exception," etc., etc.

Poor Maud Sylvester's life was from that time forth rendered a perfect misery to her.

Lord Waistrill's son almost lived at the quiet little villa, and, worst of all, Mrs. Sylvester encouraged him.

Inspired by the hope of moving in the giddy throng of fashion, she threatened that she would leave her penniless when she died, and let her make her living as best she could, if she did not consent to marry the young man.

Maud knew that her mother was professing a power she did not possess; for at the old lady's death her income was bound to come to her daughter.

It grieved Maud deeply to see her mother stoop to actual falsehood in her wild desire to bring about this marriage.

Now Arthur Chambers and Maud Sylvester had so far kept their engagement a secret from everyone excepting Lucy.

They deemed it wise, as at present Arthur was drawing a very limited salary, and did not see his way to maintaining a wife.

Of course poor Maud took every opportunity to visit her friends in Bayswater as frequently as she could, and to her confidante Lucy she revealed her troubles.

"You must come as often as you can to Clapham," pleaded Maud, "and save me from the persecutions of the objectionable creature to whom mamma would have me sacrifice myself."

Of course Lucy did come as often as she could; but ere long her visits were put a stop to by the positive rudeness of Mrs. Sylvester, who, for the sake of her own wishes, desired to sever Maud's connection with her Bayswater friends.

Lucy, dearly as she loved Maud, could not continue to visit at her house where she was openly snubbed and insulted.

Not satisfied with have driven her daughter's dearest friend from her doors, Mrs. Sylvester at last objected to Maud's going to Bayswater.

Maud rebelled indignantly against this.

Mrs. Sylvester had begun threatening, when she was interrupted by a loud pull at the bell, and immediately afterwards the Honorable Augustus Waistrill was announced.

Maud had quitted the apartment before he had entered it.

Mrs. Sylvester, as usual, made herself as agreeable as possible. She did not despair of conquering her daughter in spite of the determined resistance she was evincing.

"A very pretty escritoire, that," said the Honorable Augustus, who looked paler than usual on this particular afternoon, and seemed nervous and restless.

"It is, is it not?" said Mrs. Sylvester, rising. "It is so well fitted up. Come and see."

It was a splendid opportunity for Mrs. Sylvester. Still further propagating the idea of her substantial means, she, inadvertently as it were, but in reality on purpose, opened a small drawer in which were deposited notes and gold to a large amount.

"You keep your riches here, I see," said the Honorable Augustus with a smile.

"Only a trifle," said Mrs. Sylvester; "I don't like to be without anything in the house; but I never keep much at home in case of accidents, such as fire; or——"

"Or thieves," suggested Augustus Waistrill.

The truth was Mrs. Sylvester had only that morning cashed a check for a quarter's income.

The Honorable Augustus left earlier than usual that afternoon; but on that night he was once more an inmate of the little villa near Clapham.

Soon after midnight he made his way to the French window of the drawing-room at the villa, and dexterously removing a pane of glass, pushed back the bolt, and entered. A small jet of gas was left burning under the impression that it would keep thieves away if they saw a light.

The titled thief proceeded to force the lock of the escritoire. He managed it so cleverly one would have thought he was accustomed to it. As he was placing the gold and notes in his pockets, Mrs. Sylvester, who had come downstairs for a book, being unable to sleep, entered the room.

In a moment she saw what Lord Waistrill's son was at. Now she was not by any means a coward, and she dearly loved money. She rushed towards him without a moment's hesitation.

"You thief!" she cried: "how dare you?"

The Honorable Augustus Waistrill turned upon her like a tiger, and endeavored to hurl her to the ground. A terrible struggle ensued, and, doubtless, the thief would have conquered had not timely aid presented itself in the shape of Arthur Chambers, who soon disabled the cowardly ruffian.

Arthur Chambers had been dining in the neighborhood with a friend, and passing the home of her whom he loved had not unnaturally lingered about the spot, looking up at the darkened windows, and wondering if she dreamt of him. While thus occupied he had seen the Honorable Augustus slip through the gate, and wondering what his object could be that hour of the night, had followed and watched him.

"And this," said Arthur Chambers bitterly, addressing Mrs. Sylvester, "is the thing to whom you would, had it been in your power, have married your noble-hearted daughter. Alas, alas, madame! your thirst for social distinction has made a very fool of you. And now sir," turning to his prisoner, "you must come with me—and you, madam, must accompany us—to your father's house."

"You have no right to take me anywhere," said Augustus doggedly.

"Would you prefer going to the look-up?" asked Arthur Chambers; "for that is your only alternative."

So the thief was taken into the presence of his father, and thus saved from public exposure and penal servitude, much to his parent's delight.

There is little left to tell.

A year later, having been assisted by a wealthy cousin, Arthur Chambers set up a first-class school on his own account, which rapidly began to flourish, and before another twelve months had expired he was united to Maud Sylvester.

Now they have two of the sweetest children ever seen to gladden their industrious lives, and the school promises to be one of the most successful in London.

Mr. Sylvester is quite reconciled to her Bayswater friends, and often stays with her beautiful daughter, who, she continually asserts, was Bravely Won.

A PASSION FOR TITLES.—Everybody in Germany, from Prince to peasant, from Duke to dustman, has his title and insists upon its recognition. Whatever it may be it is invariably preceded by an introductory "Mr.," in itself a leveling and democratic designation, like the French "Monsieur." The highest officer in the army is addressed as "Mr. Field-Marshal"—the lowest as "Mr. Corporal." It is equally the correct thing to speak of a nobleman as "the Mr. Count" or of a hangman as "the Mr. Sharp-Judge." If a private person, living upon an income derived from landed property, happens to lack an absolutely distinctive title, he must be addressed, according to the nature of his territorial tenure, as "Mr. Great-Estate-Proprietor" or "Mr. Knight's-Estate-Proprietor" Should, his means be in the nature of dividends upon government stock, railway scrip, etc., his proper predicate rendered in English, will be "Mr. Income-Possessor." By that title, if he be your friend, he will expect to be invited to your house and to be introduced to your other guests.

It does not, however, convey itself by social convention to his wife, as does almost every other class of professional predicate. This is particularly hard on the spouses of some wealthy gentlemen who, having no special occupation and being content to abstain from the performance of any public function whatsoever, are, from the German social point of view, nobodies. It is, however, open to the better-half of such a low-minded nonentity, satisfied with groveling in obscure, unhonored comfort, to style herself, "Mrs. Private Person."

But little joy accrues to the well-regulated German female soul from the right to sport so tamely indefinite a prefix as this. Better be "Mrs. Tribunal-Assessor," or "Mrs. Manufactory-Inspector," than so meek a thing as "Mrs. Private Person."

How blissful, on the other hand, are the feelings of a right-minded, self-respecting Teutonic matron who is entitled by the unwritten laws of social etiquette to exact from her dearest friends that they shall greet her as "Mrs. Upper Privy Government Councillor" or "Mrs. General Army Auditor!"

The passion for titles is so deeply-rooted in the German nature that death itself avails not to extirpate it—at least from the breasts of sorrowing survivors. The following advertisement—one of an enormous and grimly humorous class, in itself an inexhaustible source of amusement to the intelligent stranger within the German gates—which is translated literally from the original, published in a recent issue of a leading Berlin journal: "Yesterday afternoon fell asleep softly in the Lord, the widowed Mrs. Master Chimney-Sweep Pumpkin, born Rosalia Swipe. Her end was Peace! The mourning-ones who are left behind.'

THE four principal hospitals of Paris were recently supplied with novels and light general reading.

How to Get Well.

Thousands of persons are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole man. Hundreds testify to this.—Pittsburgh Post.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE QUAKER.—The origin of the term "Quaker" is given by George Fox, the founder of the Friends. "A Justice of Derby," he says, "was the first to call us Quakers, because I bade him quake and tremble before the Lord."

LAWS OF DRESS.—One of Queen Elizabeth's proclamations, which were allowed to have all the authority of law, was to forbid her subjects from wearing their ruffs more than a quarter of a yard in width, and their rapiers more than a yard long. Officers were appointed to tear the ruffs and break the rapiers which transgressed the Queen's edict against them.

PICTURE OF POWER.—Power is ruling one's self. A holy man, says Sadi, a famous Persian poet, saw a wrestler distracted and foaming at the mouth with rage; he inquired the cause, and was told some one had given him abuse. He said, "This paltry fellow, who can lift a stone of a thousand pounds weight, is not able to bear a single word. Resign your boasting pretensions to strength and fortitude, you weak-spirited wretch."

LIVING UNDERGROUND.—One of the salt mines at Cracow, in Poland, is 7,000 feet in length, 3,000 in breadth, and 1,200 in depth. Descending to the bottom, the visitor is surprised to find a subterraneous commonwealth of many families who have their peculiar laws and polity. Many people seem buried alive in this strange abyss, having been born there, and never enjoyed the air and prospects of the surface of the earth. The number of men employed in this mine is about 90.

OLD MAIDS.—Where life is not civilized their fate is worse than even among those not civilized; they are connected, in village superstition, with the midnight hags with bony fingers and with skinny lips who do harm to cattle. Amongst the Indians and negroes they become slaves even to the squaws, servants of servants, beasts of burden, till they succumb to their only friend, Death. With the Hindoos and Chinese they are regarded as useless mouths till they die, or are pushed on to death.

SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT.—"I was one day feeding an elephant," says a keeper, "with potatoes which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound; and he then, without difficulty, secured it.

THE HONEYMOON.—Among the Saxons and ancient Germans, mead, a beverage made of honey, was in general use. The Saxons added mulberries to flavor their honeyed drink. It was especially used at marriage festivals. These were kept up among the nobility week after week, and the "honey moon" signified the moon of the marriage festival. Alaric the Goth actually died on his wedding night from indulging too freely in the honeyed beverage.

PROOF SPIRIT.—Proof spirit was so called because, in the pre-scientific age, it was customary to levy duty on spirits by a rough-and-ready process called the "proof," which was conducted as follows: A small heap of gunpowder was wetted with the spirit to be tested, and the wet spirit was then ignited. If the spirit was strong, the gunpowder became ignited, and flashed off very soon after the spirit was lighted; but if the spirit was weak, the water left behind it wetted the gunpowder, so that it did not catch fire. A careful investigation of the true constitution of the spirit showed that the weakest spirit capable of igniting the gunpowder was almost exactly equal parts of spirit and water. This was called "proof-spirit."

BEARDS.—Various have been the customs of most nations respecting them. The Tartars, out of a religious principle, waged a long and bloody war with the Persians, declaring them infidels, because they would not cut their beards after the rites of Tartary. The Greeks wore their beards till the time of Alexander, who ordered the Macedonians to be shaved lest the beard should give a handle to their enemies, 330 B. C. Beards were worn by the Romans 297 B. C. They have been worn for centuries by the Jews. In England they were not fashionable after the Conquest, A. D. 1066, until the thirteenth century, and were discontinued at the Restoration. The Russians, even of rank, did not cut their beards until within these few years; and Peter the Great, notwithstanding his enjoining them to shave, was obliged to keep officers on foot to cut off the beards by force.

SWEET SCENTS.—Perfumes were used in the early times of the Chinese Empire, when fine ladies had a habit of rubbing in their hands a round ball made of a mixture of amber, musk, and sweet-scented flowers. The Jews, who were also devoted to sweet scents, used them in their sacrifices, and also to anoint themselves before their repasts. The Scythian women went a step further, and after pounding on a stone cedar, cypress, and incense, made up the ingredients thus obtained into a thick paste, with which they smeared their faces and limbs. The Greeks carried sachets of scent in their dresses, and filled their dining-rooms with fumes of incense. Even their wines were often impregnated with decoctions of flowers, or sweet-scented flowers themselves, such as roses and violets. The luxurious Athenians resorted to effeminate refinements of luxury, anointing pigeons with a liquid perfume, and causing them to fly loose about a room, scattering the drops from their feathers over the heads and garments of those who were feasting beneath.

KNITTING.

BY F. W. H.

At her window she is sitting,
Little busy bright coquette;
She is sitting, knitting, knitting,
Ever at a subtle net.

Weaving it in laughter, blushes,
And delicious nods and smiles,
Tones as soft as notes of thrushes,
And a thousand nameless wiles.

Take care, my bewitching neighbor,
Take care that you do not get,
At the end of all your labor,
Tangled in your subtle net.

A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

SOME one came to say that Lady Lulworth was wanted and I was left alone. Just at that moment I heard the voice of little Ru crying out:

"Gabriel, come here; I want you?"

I knew the children were at play on the lawn, and I went. Every time I saw Lady May her beauty struck me afresh. On this morning she looked fairer than ever in the simple, white morning dress which showed every line of her graceful figure.

I took courage. I knew she was true as steel; I would ask her herself if what I had heard was true.

"Wait a little while, Ru," I said; "I want to speak to Lady May."

She had not seen me, as the child had called to me from the other end of the lawn. She was standing under a cedar, singing, and I thought of the lines:

"A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad, gallant and gay,
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May."

Surely the poet's Maud was no fairer than the girl before me. No wonder that the young lover went mad over her, and slew him who would have parted them.

Suddenly Lady May saw me, and the sweet song died on her lips; her eyes fell and a flush passed over her face.

"Mr. Holmes!" she said, "I thought it was Ru."

"Are you sorry that it was not Ru?" I asked.

"No. Why should I be? I am pleased to see you."

But she did not look at me; her eyes were fixed upon the grass. I knew that if I waited I should lose all my courage; and I said to myself that it was better to end my suspense at once. I dared not take her hand as I should have done once, for I had grown afraid of her.

"Lady May I want to ask you a question; and I am not sure whether you will think me presumptuous and refuse to answer it, or whether you will be sorry for me, and tell me the truth."

She raised her head with the proud, graceful gesture which always fascinated me.

"If I speak at all, it will be to tell the truth," she replied, "Ask what you like."

"Everybody is saying that you have promised to marry Lord Aberdale. Is it true?"

"Do people say that?" she asked.

"Yes, the union is spoken of everywhere, and every one seems pleased at it. I knew that I ought not to ask you such a question, that it is a breach of etiquette; but I cannot help it, Lady May. Tell me—that I may know—the best or the worst."

"It is false," she answered promptly, noticing the hesitancy in my speech. "There is not one word of truth in it. But why are you so agitated?"

Ah, why? I did not dare to tell her the reason. I stood silent until I had regained my composure.

"Why are you so different with me, Gabriel!" she went on. "We were like brother and sister once, and that not so long ago; now you are so changed, so cold, so proud, so unlike your usual self. Why is it?"

I did not answer; words were on my lips, but I dared not utter them. I must stifle my passionate love; I must not let her know of it, I said to myself. I must not stretch out a hand to win her. It would be as base as though I stole her ladyship's diamonds.

Colder and prouder grew the beautiful face, and I saw a quiver of pain on the sweet lips. I could have died of my own anguish but honor kept me dumb.

"What have I done to you, Gabriel?" she asked; and there was a sharp ring of pain in her voice. "Why have you changed—to me? I wish you would tell me."

"I have not changed," I replied; and my voice was both changed and unnatural. "I could not change—to you."

"But you have, Gabriel. You are not at all the same. You avoid where you used to seek me, you are silent where you once delighted to talk. Look me in the face and tell me if it is not so."

I dared not look at her; if I had done so my secret would have been told by my eyes.

"There," she said, bitterly—"you do not even look at me; and yet you say you are not changed! Why will you not look at me when I bid you, Gabriel?"

"I dare not. A man cannot look long at the sun without injuring his eyes."

"But I am not the sun. How cruel you are! I cannot think what I have done to you."

"You will never know," I replied.

"Then I have done something," she said, quickly. "I thought I had. I knew that I had. You must tell me what it is, Gabriel."

"I have nothing to tell!" I cried, in desperation.

I did not know how long my strength or courage would last—each moment was new torture to me. If I could but have thrown myself upon my knees before her and told her the truth, that I had dared to love her! But honor stood between her and me.

"I do not understand you, Gabriel," said Lady May. "You are not just. You tell me plainly that I have done something, but you do not tell me what it is. I insist upon knowing."

How could I tell her that she had stolen my heart by her beauty and her speech? Not one word must I say; therefore I stood silent, and she looked at me with pained eyes.

"Will you not tell me what I have done to you, Gabriel?" she persisted.

I dared not tell her what she had done. I stood before her not venturing to raise my miserable face, lest she should read the truth therein.

"I cannot tell you!" I cried at last. "You have done nothing to me that you could help. If I have been blind and mad, Lady May, it is not your fault. You have been an angel of kindness and goodness to me all my life, and I am not worthy of it!"

She came nearer to me, and said, in a voice that trembled slightly—

"Then, if I have done nothing to you, Gabriel, if I have always been kind and good, why are you changed to me? Why do you speak in this way—why turn your face from me—why look so sad, so wretched? Tell me; forget the years that have passed Gabriel, the years that have made a man of you and a woman of me. Try to think of me as though we were children again."

She laid her hand for a second on mine, and the gentle touch maddened me. I am afraid I shook off the dainty, white hand; I was reckless, desperate, mad for the moment. Was ever man so tempted? There was creeping into my heart a stronger conviction that she was not so indifferent to me as I had once believed. She did not look like a proud beauty or a victorious coquette; there were both pain and sorrow in her face.

She started when I drew away my hand, and sighed deeply, I cannot tell how I controled the longing I had to clasp her in my arms. I felt that I must go. A few minutes more, and I should have forgotten the resolution I had formed.

"You are angry with me, Gabriel," she said; "but I cannot imagine why. You think, perhaps, that I have encouraged Lord Aberdale. I have not. Not one false word has passed my lips. I have never misled him, even by a look. I know you are angry because of him."

Was this the proud beauty, the queen of London society, speaking in this gentle, almost tender fashion to me, concerned because she thought she had vexed me? I told myself that I must go quickly, before I betrayed myself.

"You could not vex me, Lady May," I answered; "you have never vexed me in your life. I have been blind and mad; now I must pay for my folly. That is all."

She came nearer to me.

"Gabriel," she said, in a low whisper, "you may think what you like of me, but I shall never marry any one I do not love."

I turned away with some despairing words on my lips. I dared not look at the beautiful face again, the sweet, pleading eyes and the quivering lips. I was unnerved. In my heart I bade farewell to the beauty "greater than woman ever wore," to the dainty hands I should never touch again, to the dark eyes that should look into mine no more, to the sweet quivering mouth I should never kiss. I must go, and never again look upon the loveliness that was fatal to me.

"I cannot explain myself," I answered. "I—I have a secret, and I must not tell it to you."

A faint smile rippled over her lips.

"Suppose, Gabriel," she said, slyly, "that I know it?"

Heaven help me! Surely no temptation could be greater than this!

"You cannot know it, Lady May; no one knows it. I have never even dared to whisper it to my own heart;" and in that moment I formed the resolution that, cost what it might, I would see her no more. "I must ask you to forgive me," I added, "for my abruptness, and I must ask you to excuse me. I am going out this morning with the marquis, and I——"

She turned away, coldly. Ah me, if she could but have understood!

In another minute I should have looked my last upon her. My utter hopelessness made me reckless. I went up to her and took her hand; I bent over it and kissed it with the passion of despair. She was looking at me, and there was something in her eyes, I scarcely know what, neither invitation nor defiance, something sweet and subtle, which thrilled my whole frame and set my heart beating madly, something that made me stoop and kiss her lips—I would have given my life for that one moment of bliss—and then I moved away.

Whether she was pleased or angry I did not know. I went from the light and brightness to the coldness and silence where she was not. The kiss was my farewell. I had had one moment of supreme bliss, and now I thought life was over for me.

Lady May went back to the house—little Ru had long since disappeared—and I sought a part of the garden where I could in silence and solitude bear the first terrible smart of my anguish. It was unbearable, much worse than any physical pain. I did not mean to complain; but I had loved her so dearly! I could not control the sobs that shook my whole frame or the burning tears that fell from my eyes. I forgot everything except that I had kissed her lips and had lost her.

How did time pass? I heard no longer the shrill, sweet voices of the children at play. I was alone in my desolation and despair. No, not alone. A light touch on my head, a sweet whisper, a gentle caress, and I knew that my dear benefactress was with me.

Then the thought of the dreary years to come, in which I should see Lady May no more, brought the tears to my eyes again. Her ladyship was wise as well as kind. She let me sob out my grief; she did not speak; but her hand lay like a gentle caress on my head.

"I shall always blame myself, Gabriel," she said after a time; "but for my carelessness you would not have this pain to suffer. For my sake, and because it grieves me to see you suffer, try, my dear, to be comforted. Tell me about your mistake."

"I cannot, Perhaps in time to come, when my pain has abated, I may—but not now."

"You tell me that you have not spoken of love to her, Gabriel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Does she suspect that you care for her so much?"

I could not tell. I scarcely knew. Deep down in my own heart was a certain suspicion that she did care for me, and that, had our social positions been equal, I should not have to woo her quite in vain. I looked up at the beautiful face bending over me.

"How shall I bear my pain?" I said to Lady Lulworth. "Is there no help to be looked for?"

"None," answered her ladyship. "Others have suffered. It is an old story, Gabriel, man's misplaced love and bitter pain!"—and she sighed deeply. "It is not," she said, after a pause, "as terrible as if you had heard that she was dead; it is not so bad as the chill horror of death. Remember—she is living."

Had she ever suffered, I wondered, this beautiful lady whose life seemed to be one long course of prosperity? Had she loved some one and lost him or her by death?

"Perhaps in the future," she went on, "you may find comfort, Gabriel. There is always the reward that attends resignation and patience."

As she said the words, I seemed suddenly to understand her better than I had ever done to read aright the noble nature that had suffered in heroic silence. Hitherto she had been to me the embodiment of happiness; now I knew instinctively that she had suffered keenly.

She soothed me with the most kind and tender words. I had always loved her, but I worshipped her now.

"What shall I do?" I asked her, after a time. "I will be guided entirely by you."

She reflected for a few moments, and her face was full of pain.

"You ask for my advice, Gabriel," she said; "and I will give it to you. It will be hard to follow, I know. You must keep away from Lady May, for a time at least."

I wanted to be quite sure of my future.

"It would be useless, I suppose, for me to work hard and try to win her, Lady Lulworth?"

"Quite useless, Gabriel. The earl, who is her guardian, would never hear of the alliance. Try to forget her until you have so far conquered your love that it ceases to pain you. I think she is going away with Lady Pethnam for some weeks."

Then I looked up in wonder, for two hot tears had fallen from her ladyship's eyes on my hands.

I had gone out from Lady May's presence one of the most miserable men under the sun; but after a time I did not feel so dejected. True, my love was lost to me, and life would be a blank; but I could not be insensible to the great kindness and affection of Lady Lulworth. It was wonderful to see how much she cared for me. I had done nothing whatever to deserve such love and kindness.

"No love is ever to be despised, Gabriel," said her ladyship, "no matter from whom it comes; and you must never say again that you are alone in the world, or that you are not loved. I have a true affection for you, and am interested in all that concerns you. Try to be brave and lead a noble, useful life for the sake of the great love I bear you."

"Why do you love me?" I asked, impetuously. "You have always been kinder to me than any one else in the world. Why is it?"

The noble face grew softer as she answered me.

"I told you that many years since—that long ago!—I loved some one very much, and you are like the one I loved. That is why I love you."

I believed her, and I was quite content. Who can estimate the influence that a noble and loving woman has over a man? Had the despair in which I had left Lady May's presence continued, I should in all probability have gone to what is called "the bad." Lady Lulworth saved me. She gave me something to live for—she gave me a new zest for life. I could never hope to win my beautiful lost love; but possessing the affection and confidence of Lady Lulworth, my days could not be void of good.

I left her with a heart full of gratitude; and it was understood between us that I was not to call again at Helme House until Lady May had departed to pay her promised visit. I knew that the countess would respect the confidence I had placed in her, and that my secret was safe. The earl would think I was busy, and would say nothing.

"We shall see then, Gabriel," said her ladyship, "what happens;" and I judged from those few words that although she had said it was quite hopeless for me to think of winning Lady May, still she would not have been angry had I expressed my determination to do so.

I scarcely remember how the next few days passed. I received one or two notes from Lady Lulworth telling me how Rose and Ru missed me, and how constantly she thought of me, and, at last, that Lady May was gone. Would I come as usual to see them?

"You have been working too hard," said the earl, when I called at Helme House. "You have grown thin and pale, Gabriel. You must take a holiday soon. We are going to Helmhurst Manor next week. Come either with us or after us for a few days. The marquis will spare you, I am sure."

I agreed to the proposal only too gladly; and a week later saw me at Helmhurst Manor, which was in Kent, and not far from the sea. Lord and Lady Lulworth were, as usual, very kind to me—no one of the house could have had a warmer welcome. The earl told me that he was grieved to see me looking so ill, and her ladyship said that a week with Rose and Ru would do more for me than anything else.

I have cause to remember that visit to Helmhurst Manor. The third day of my stay there was a day never to be forgotten by me. I remember rising early in the morning to gather some flowers for her ladyship. I took them to her with the dew lying fresh on them. How little I dreamed then of what was to happen before sunset! Breakfast was late that morning; and, after it was over, the earl asked for the newspapers, without which no day was complete to him.

The breakfast room at the Manor House looked on to a pretty old-fashioned garden that was surrounded by a high wall on which grew magnificent fruit. Every one liked the room because it was quiet, and one could do or say anything in it without fear of being overheard or seen. There were three large windows on one side of the apartment which were framed with climbing plants covered with blossoms. I mention these details because they are impressed on my mind and not one will ever be forgotten by me. Quite at the end of the garden, near some peach trees, stood a row of beehives. Her ladyship had a comfortable lounging chair placed in one of the window-recesses; and there she spent long hours watching the bees and butterflies amongst the flowers.

She was sitting there on this morning—when the newspapers were brought in.

The earl gave her those which he thought would interest her, and she passed them to me with a smile.

"I am too lazy this morning even to read for myself," she said. "You must read to me, Gabriel."

The earl was busy with the morning paper.

I began to read some fashionable news which I imagined would please her ladyship.

I remember that she had been toying with one of the flowers I had brought for her, and it was still lying on her knee.

Her beautiful face, in its grave serenity, was peaceful as it was not to be for long afterward.

Suddenly the earl, making a great rustle with his newspaper, said:

"Hilary, there is sad news from your old home."

"From my old home?" she echoed. "Do you mean Weldhome?"

"No," he replied—"Barton Abbey."

I saw a strange tremor pass over her face, and her eyes open wide, and her hands seek each other.

"To be sure, Godfrey," she murmured. "Barton Abbey is part of my old home—it is so very near it. What is the news from there?"

He did not notice the change in her voice; but I did.

"I will read the paragraph," said the earl. "It is headed 'Terrible Accident in Tyrol.'

"'Our readers will be grieved to hear of a terrible accident by which two of our countrymen have met with a violent death. The two sons of Lord Ardean of Barton Abbey—John, the elder and heir, and the younger, who had lately received an appointment in the Civil Service, were traveling with a guide in Tyrol. Against the advice of experienced men, they persisted in going by an unknown route from one village to another. The guide with them remonstrated, and was dismissed by his employers. The consequence of this rash and ill-advised proceeding was that they missed their way in descending a mountain and fell over a precipice. For a few hours no anxiety was felt on their account; then their friends became anxious and a rigorous search was instituted. For some days it was unavailing; but at length their bodies were found, so mutilated, however, by the fall that it was with difficulty that they were recognized. The effect upon the earl, when he was informed by telegram of the accident, was so terrible that he was seized with a fit of apoplexy which proved fatal in a few hours. It is seldom that a whole family is so remorselessly cut off by the hand of Death. Our readers will remember the melancholy and untimely death of that promising young officer, Captain Lewis Carlisle, who was killed in a railway accident. Had he been living, he would, as next of kin, have succeeded to the title and estate; but as Captain Carlisle, died unmarried, the title and estate pass to Mr. Cyril Ardean, a distant relative of Lord Ardean and his next of kin. This terrible calamity has thrown a gloom over society. The late

earl was held in great esteem, and his sons gave every promise of being accomplished men. It is to be hoped that this fatal accident will serve as a warning to those of our countrymen who feel inclined to dispense with the services of a guide in those parts of Tyrol where a guide is most required.'"

There was a dead silence in the room; outside one could hear the murmur of the bees, the faint rustling of the leaves as the summer wind stirred them, the loud, jubilant chorus of the birds.

"A terrible accident, indeed!" said the earl. "But what foolish, imprudent young men! Nothing seems to teach people wisdom. Last year several Englishmen lost their lives in the same way."

Still no one answered him, and he turned to the newspaper again to see if there was any more news on the same subject.

"Ah!" he added, "there is a leading article upon the accident! I will read it to you, Hilary; you will be interested."

She had made one movement—she had turned her face to the window so that he could not see it; but I did. When shall I forget the fear, the horror, the wonder I saw there? I gazed at her in terror; and she, finding that I was watching her, laid one finger on her white lips in token of silence.

The earl read on.

I saw the golden head drop lower and lower. What was the matter? I wondered.

Suddenly she caught my hand. Hers was as cold as death and trembled violently, and her lips framed the words—"Save me!"—but I could scarcely hear them.

"What do you think of that, Hilary?" asked the earl in an indifferent tone, which, in that tragical moment, with my kind benefactress's white face drooping lower and lower, jarred upon me.

I spoke for her. I saw that she was quite incapable of speech herself; and I began to discuss the accident with him, hoping she would have time to recover. But no; the pallor on her face deepened, and a look of horror crept into her eyes. She tried to save herself. I saw her clutch the arm of the chair; and then, with a low cry, she fell with her face upon the ground.

I shall never forget the earl's fright—how he sprang from his chair and raised her with tender and caressing words.

"My darling—Hilary—my dearest wife, what is the matter? She has fainted, Gabriel; and I never knew her to faint before. Ring the bell!"

"I will, if you wish it," I said; "but perhaps it would be better not to call the servants—they make so much fuss. She will be better if you lay her down."

He laid her on the couch; but it was some time before Lady Lulworth opened her eyes again. The fainting-fit lasted so long that the earl grew alarmed, and wanted to send for help; but I had a conviction that her ladyship would not like to be seen in her present helpless state. It was strange; but her thoughts and desires always seemed plain to me, and I had an idea that I understood her better than any one else.

When she moved, she said to me:

"I have been very ill, Gabriel; I do not remember that I have ever felt so ill."

It seemed to me that she clung to me more than to the earl, who was in great distress about her.

"My dearest Hilary," he said, "I cannot tell you how alarmed I have been on your account. During all the years that we have been married I have never seen you faint before. What was the cause of it?"

She tried to rouse herself and speak carelessly; but I saw how great the effort was. She laughed, and I turned aside, for I did not care to see such a smile on her white lips.

"No," she answered; "I am not given to fainting as a rule. Once before—no, twice in my life before this—I completely lost my senses, and felt sure that I should die. The sensation is not a pleasant one."

"What caused it, Hilary?" asked the earl, anxiously.

"The heat, perhaps, or the strong odor of the flowers—I cannot tell; but you need not be anxious about me, Godfrey—I am better now."

While she spoke, she clung to my hand as though she could not bear that I should leave her even for one moment. The earl made her drink some wine; and presently she rose from the couch where he had laid her and walked to the window.

"How lovely the morning is!" she said. "I think I shall go out."

The earl took out his watch.

"It will be the best thing for you," he returned. "I can join you in an hour and a half from now. The steward is coming over to see me this morning, for I made an appointment with him. Gabriel, you will look after Lady Lulworth; take her as far as the ruins, and I will join you there."

I was delighted; and, when Lady Lulworth felt sufficiently recovered, we set out.

She trembled still and seemed scarcely able to walk.

"It would have been better for you to have had the carriage," I said. "You are not well enough to walk."

"I want to talk to you," she answered—"to be alone with you, Gabriel; that is why I came out."

We walked on to the ruins—they were not very far off—the ruins of an old abbey from which Helmhurst took its name—a beautiful, picturesque spot.

We sat down near a murmuring stream, under the shade of some aspen-trees.

She was still clinging to my hand, but did not speak.

I could not think it was all physical suffering; and I knew by experience that for a mind diseased there is no remedy so soothing as the sounds and signs of Nature.

"That was a most terrible accident," she said to me at last. "How strange for a whole family to be swept away!"

"It will make a great difference to Mr. Cyril Ardean," I replied.

"Yes; only last week he was talking to me about his prospects; and he said how much he should like to go to Canada—that he always had a longing to settle there. He will not think of going there now," added Lady Lulworth. "He will be Lord Ardean. What a change for him!"

"He will not care so much for it as some men would," I said. "He is different from most men; there is something so melancholy about him—a shadow seems to hang over him. I have often wondered if there was any great trouble waiting for him that cast its shadow before it."

"Why do you say that, Gabriel?" she asked, with startled eyes. "What trouble can be waiting for him?"

"I do not know. I judge from his face and manner. He has always seemed to me like a man over whom a most unhappy fate hovered. He will love unhappily, perhaps."

"He loves Lady May," she said, gently. "What a curious problem life is—what a puzzle!" she went on thoughtfully. "He loves her, and he is in a position now to marry her if she likes him. What a wonderful thing if, after all, she should be Lady Ardean!"

"Why would it be so wonderful?" I asked; and she seemed to be slightly confused.

"I cannot forget that accident," she said, evading my question. "Have you ever heard of anything so sad—a whole family swept away—father and sons? Tell me, Gabriel."

"Yes, I have heard of similar cases," I replied.

An expression of relief came over her face.

"Then you do not think it is a special interposition of Providence in this case; do you, Gabriel?"

I did not understand her, and she did not explain; but she clung to me.

She seemed—I could not tell why—to find comfort and support with me.

We sat in silence for quite half an hour, and then I found that her thoughts still ran on the accident, for she said—

"I wonder if the new Lord Ardean will come to see us."

I fancied that she would like to discuss the family, as her heart seemed full of them.

"Did you know very much of the Ardeans, Lady Lulworth?" I asked.

I found that I had guessed rightly, for she turned to me with an air of unutterable relief.

"Yes," she replied, "we were most intimate. At one time, my aunt, Lady Kilmore and Lady Ardean were like two sisters. We visited constantly, and Lady Ardean was very kind to me. She died a few years after my marriage; and I think that her death was the greatest sorrow Lady Kilmore has had."

"You know the late lord then, and both his sons?"

"Yes," she answered—"and I may say all his relatives. I spent a great deal of time at Barton Abbey. It is a grand old place, Gabriel, and I——Well, I know those who lived there very well indeed. I loved the Ardeans."

"It was a great shock to you then to hear of their sad death."

"Yes, it was a terrible shock," she replied.

"Was it that which caused you to faint?" I asked, wondering at my own temerity.

"Yes, it was that, and nothing else. I did not know so much of the sons; they were quite children when I lived with my aunt. Very nice children they were, but too young for me to remember very much of them. I did not know much, either, of Cyril."

Then she sighed deeply, as deeply as though she had a world of sorrow on her mind. It struck me that she had brought me with her to tell me something; but either she had changed her mind or I was mistaken. She was quite unlike herself; even her face was altered; it had a pinched, haggard look, as though she had suffered inconceivable pain.

"Gabriel," she said to me, suddenly, "does it ever make you envious when you hear of the good fortune of others?"

"No, I do not think so, Lady Lulworth," I answered.

"For instance," she went on, "would you like to be in Lord Ardean's place—Cyril's, I mean?"

"Yes—for one thing," I replied. "If I were Lord Ardean, there is no power on earth that would induce me to give up the hope of winning Lady May. If I were Lord Ardean, I would do it."

"Would you?" she said, with a wistful look on her face.

"That is the only reason why I envy him. I have no other, I do not care much for wealth or position, but I care very much about winning the only woman I shall ever love."

"And you would win her if you were Lord Ardean?"

"Yes, or Lord Any-one-else. I would win her if I had either money or position. As it is, I have either. I am of lowly birth and I have no money or land. It would seem to me like a robbery to ask such a girl as Lady May, the heiress of Chesney Manor, to marry me."

"You—you pierce my heart?" she cried. "I cannot bear it? You must not say——Gabriel you pierce my heart!"

I looked at her in wonder. What had I said that should grieve her so?

"Dear Lady Lulworth, I did not mean to pain you—I had no such thought?" I declared, "Do you think that I am discontented or unhappy? Better a thousand times to love Lady May unhappily than to be blessed with the most fervent love of another woman!"

But her head drooped and the pallor came back to her face.

"I am so unhappy, Gabriel!" she said. "In all the world I do not think there is any one so unhappy as I am."

She, the loved wife of an earl, one of the leaders of the fashionable world, the mother of lovely children, one of the most popular woman in England—she unhappy! What could be the reason? I had a faint suspicion that her happiness was in some measure connected with the Ardeans.

Seeing how ill she looked, I strongly advised her to return to the house before the earl joined us.

Later in the day it did not surprise me to hear that she was very ill and could not leave her room. The earl looked grave and anxious. I spent the afternoon with Rose and Ru.

On the morning following Lord Lulworth said to me:

"Gabriel, I am greatly distressed about Lady Lulworth; she does not seem to be any better. I will wait patiently for a day or two; and then if she does not improve, I will send for Sir James Harman."

Two days passed and still the countess was unable to leave her bed. The earl could bear the anxiety no longer, and sent to London for the celebrated physician.

During those days of suspense Lord Lulworth seemed to depend upon me. I did everything for him answered his letters, attended to his accounts, saw the steward, and made myself useful to the earl in many ways.

He said to me one morning:

"Gabriel, how true that passage is—'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days'! How little I thought when I met you with Lady Lulworth and said that I should like to send you to school, that you would one day be as a son to me!"

I told him how pleased and happy I was that I could be of some use to him. The more I saw of Lord Lulworth the more I admired his noble character; and I loved him as I would have loved a father.

He sat talking to me while Sir James was with Lady Lulworth. He looked wretched and ill at ease.

"There is one thing certain," he said, as he turned to move away. "If anything went wrong with my beloved wife it would kill me."

And I knew that he spoke the truth.

A few hours later the earl sought me again. He looked distressed and anxious.

"Gabriel," he said, "I want to speak to you about something I cannot understand. I must talk to some one, my heart is so full and heavy. Sir James has been some time with Lady Lulworth, and he assures me that physically there is nothing the matter with her, but that she has had some great shock which has completely unnerved her. Now, what shock can she possibly have had? I know of nothing that could trouble or distress her; and she has, I am sure, no secrets from me. It may seem strange to you, perhaps, that I speak to you on such a subject; but I must confide in some one. The truth is, Gabriel, Sir James says the shock is killing her."

I cannot tell how it was, but my thoughts turned at once to the day on which he had read to her the account of the terrible calamity which had befallen the Ardean family. She had never been the same since then. I did not like to tell him so; but I felt quite sure in my own mind, remembering all that has passed, that the shock was occasioned by that news.

"Perhaps," I said, "Sir James is mistaken. Even the very cleverest of doctors make mistakes at times."

The earl shook his head, sadly.

"No, Gabriel; I hoped for that. I told him it was impossible she could have received a shock without my knowledge; but he persisted in declaring that there was nothing physically wrong—that she had a low nervous fever hanging over her which, if it really fastened upon her, might be fatal, and that nothing but a great and terrible shock to the nervous system could have brought about such a state of health. It is most extraordinary. For a long time we have had no illness or death in our family; everything has been peaceful and prosperous with us. I do not know of a single care that Lady Lulworth can have upon her mind. I have always thought her one of the happiest women in England."

"And so I believe she is," I replied; then remembering her own words to me, I hesitated.

"I asked Sir James," continued the earl, "if I should take her abroad; and he said nothing would avail her except peace of mind. Peace of mind, Gabriel! Can you imagine such words applied to my wife?"

"I cannot indeed; but have you spoken to her ladyship?"

"Yes; but Sir James told me to be very careful. He said that very little excitement would bring on a severe attack of brain-fever, and that that would, in her state, prove fatal; so I was compelled to be very cautious. She asked me herself what Sir James had said; and for some time I parried the question. But she grew nervous. 'Why do you not tell me?' she said. 'Am I going to die?' Then I told her the doctor though her pain was more mental than physical. I was frightened, Gabriel, at the effect produced by my words. 'Mental,' she repeated. 'Does he mean, Godfrey, that I have something on my mind—a secret? Is that what he means?' Her face grew so pale and she trembled so violently that I was compelled in some measure to explain away my words. 'That is Sir James's idea,' I said. She clutched my arm and looked at me eagerly. 'And you, Godfrey—what do you think?' she cried. There was something so wistful and imploring in her eyes that I could say nothing, save that I hoped she would soon be better. 'But you?' she exclaimed. 'Do you believe I have any secret from you?' What could I say, Gabriel? The doctor tells me she has had a terrible mental shock; but she is my wife, and her life has been to me as an open book. I do not believe there is a secret or a sealed page in it. What am I to think or do, Gabriel? She is so ill that I am afraid to excite her by questions; and yet, if some secret is killing her, I must know what it is, so that I can help to save her. I am bewildered and puzzled over it.—I do not believe that my wife has a secret in her life unknown to me. I cannot and will not believe it!"

My heart ached for him; for I began—I began I cannot tell why—to think that it must be so, that her ladyship must have a secret in her life.

"I hope," he said, "she will soon be better. I am most anxious about her, Gabriel. You can do nothing to help me, I know; but we must try between us to rouse her and to cheer her. I shall persuade her to come down-stairs for a few hours to-day. The strangest thing to me is that the sight of Rose and Ru makes her worse instead of better.

This morning, thinking to cheer her, I took little Ru into her room, and she caught him in her arms and cried over him until I thought her heart would break. 'My little son!' that was all she said; but she repeated it again and again, with such pathos that I could scarcely bear to hear it. 'There is nothing wrong with the children is there Gabriel? They are well and happy?'"

It was a relief to be able to say that I felt quite sure of that; nothing ailed the sturdy little darlings. So the earl left me, and I had found myself quite unable to give him one word of comfort.

That afternoon my dear benefactress came down stairs; but she was so cruelly altered that even I, who knew her so well, could scarcely recognise her. Her face was marble white and her eyes were dim and sunken.

"You look surprised, Gabriel," she said—and I found that the sweet musical ring had gone from her voice. "You find that my illness had changed me. So does Lord Lulworth."

"It had changed you so much that I should scarcely have known you," I replied; but now I hope you will let me do all in my power to help you to get well. I wish I could give you some of my robust health, Lady Lulworth. Except when I was quite a little boy, I never remember to have been ill in my life."

Our eyes met, and the same thought occurred, I know, to both of us—the memory of the time when she had come to see me and had kissed me with such passionate love. Her face flushed and mine grew pale with the memory of it. No other words passed between us but each knew the other's thoughts. What was it that seemed to bind me to her in this strange, bewildering fashion?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF THE WEDDING-RING.—In the days well known to history as "once upon a time," a certain noble Roman youth was deeply engaged in the excitement of a game of ball. The occasion was an important one to him, for it was his wedding feast, but the play made him careless of a treasure that he ought to have guarded with the greatest affection. He took off his wedding-ring and placed it upon the figure of a statue of Venus, to remain there until he should want it again. When, however, a few hours after he wished to take it, he found to his dismay that the stony hand had become clenched, so that it was impossible to remove the ring. He now had to pay the penalty of his rashness, for he was constantly haunted by the figure, which kept whispering in his ear, "Embrace me; I am Venus, whom you have wedded. I shall never restore your ring." The wretched youth continued to be followed by this disagreeable companion until, after much difficulty, he was able, with the assistance of a priest, to force the goddess to relinquish the ring, and then only was the young man free. This legend is widely spread, and has been popular under varied forms; in some of these the Virgin Mary takes the place of Venus, and the owner of the ring having, by placing it upon the finger of a statue, become the betrothed of the virgin, is obliged to renounce the world and enter a monastery. In another version a certain priest, desiring to enter the marriage state, seeks a license from the Pope, who grants his request on condition that he shall first conciliate St. Agnes, who was not only the patroness of his own church, but the special preserver of virginal chastity, by placing on the finger of an image an emerald ring, sent for the purpose by the sovereign Pontiff himself. The priest does as he is directed, and places the ring on the fourth finger of the figure, but his astonishment is great when the hand which had been put forward to receive the ring is returned to its original position. Attempts to withdraw the ring are ineffectual, and the unfortunate priest realizes the disagreeable truth that he is contracted to St. Agnes, and can marry no one else. These stories are peculiarly interesting as exhibiting the feeling which was universally entertained in old times, that wedding and betrothal rings possessed an inherent and powerful value in themselves, a belief which still lingers in some places.

Silence is the severest criticism.

ONLY.

BY L. D. K.

It was only a blossom,
Just the merest bit of bloom;
But it brought a glimpse of summer
To the little darkened room.

It was only a glad "good morning"
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.

Only a song; but the music,
Though simply pure and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways
The reckless roving feet.

Only! In our blind wisdom
How dare we say it at all?
Since the ages alone can tell us
Which is the great or small.

Her Own Rival.

BY CHARLES NAYLOR.

"Whose face he ne'er had gaz'd upon."

ARTHUR HILL, ESQUIRE, commonly called "Master Arthur," aged twenty-three was engaged to a girl

About eight years before my tale opens, a dispute had arisen about a certain estate in Waterford, to which Mr. Hill, Arthur's father, and a certain George Wilson, both laid claims.

Litigation seemed inevitable, and the legal fraternity began to "be on the look-out," when one morning, Mr. Hill, senior, received a note from Wilson, containing the following passage:

"My daughter, Emily, will inherit all my property at my decease, with the exception of Highland, which goes to Jack's boy. Don't you think it would be a first-rate plan if your boy, Arthur, were to marry Emily? Let the property rest for eight years more, then Emily will be eighteen, and Arthur three-and-twenty—if they like to marry then, well and good; if either should decline to carry out the arrangement, let the property go to the other."

Mr. Hill readily acquiesced in his correspondent's suggestions, and Arthur found himself an engaged man at fifteen.

Shortly after, Mr. Hill was obliged, through ill health, to leave his native land; and for many years he had resided entirely on the Continent.

Thus it happened that Arthur and his future bride never met.

Latterly, the fact of his being engaged had been a great deal in his mind, and the obligation began to seem irksome.

He distorted everything that he heard of her, and formed at last a most unfavorable portrait, over which he would brood, until at last he hated the very name of Wilson.

About a month before the date fixed for his decision, Arthur betook himself to a small inn in the village of Portlaw, nominally to fish, and, as it were, to find time for a little reflection on so important a matter.

One day, as he lay lazily smoking a cigar by the silver Barnoe, something fell from a high bank above him, and dropped lightly on the water almost at his feet, while a sweet musical voice exclaimed:

"Gracious me! My hat!"

Arthur looked, and saw a very neat little hat sailing rapidly with the stream.

"Bother the owner!" exclaimed he. "I suppose she'll expect me to go and play the water-dog and fetch it to her."

As he rose, he looked up to the spot from which the voice had proceeded, and saw there a girl whose beauty surprised him.

There she stood, Venus-like, her head bare, gazing sorrowfully after her fast disappearing hat, and Arthur had a good opportunity to examine her critically.

Running some yards down the bank, he stepped out on an old willow which protruded itself over the stream, and waited in the hope that the current would bring the hat near enough for him to stay its course.

He was not disappointed, and in a few moments more he was again on land with his prize.

After a few words had been exchanged, Arthur found the girl very charming; she was delightfully free from all conventionality without at all resembling the "fast girl."

"I beg to introduce myself," said he, laughing. "My name is Hill — Arthur Hill."

After a pause she said, slowly:

"So you're Arthur Hill?"

"Yes," said he, looking up. "What do you know of me?"

"There is a young lady staying at Dangan who is a particular friend of mine—she has told me all about you."

"Oh, indeed! And what's her name?"

"Miss Wilson:—Emily Wilson."

Our hero now flushed, and in a low tone exclaimed:

"Emily Wilson?"

"Yes; Emily is my best and dearest friend, and she tells me everything," she replied, demurely.

Arthur began to paint viciously.

"I detest fast girls?" he said at last.

"How do you know Emily is fast? You never had the pleasure of seeing her."

"No, but I've heard of her." Arthur said gloomily.

She watched him, softly askance; then her face lit up with mischief.

"You have not told me your name yet," Arthur said, after a brief pause.

"My name, is it?" she repeated. "Oh, bother my name—never mind, Arthur—Mr. Hill, I mean; my name is, at present of little importance."

"But I must know your name. Won't you tell it to me?" Arthur persisted.

"Well, my name is Emily, too," she said, musingly, "and Mr. Hill, I want to speak to you seriously."

Arthur sat on a log facing her, and patiently waited for her to commence.

"I want to know if you are determined not to marry Miss Wilson."

"Yes—by—oh, please excuse me! I am."

"Since when?"

Arthur began to dig little holes with his stick.

"Well, within the last few days," he said at last, "lately, I imagine that I have seen the only woman I will ever ask to be my wife."

And he looked suddenly up at her.

She rose, confused, and began to consult her watch eagerly, as they walked along.

"Well, upon my word it's very late, and I really must go. Please give me my things. This is the park boundary, so I won't trouble you any more."

"When may I have the pleasure of seeing you again?" he asked, as he held out his hand at parting.

She allowed it to linger in his hand as she answered.

"Well—soon—yes, very soon—perhaps sooner than you expect." And, gently returning the pressure of his hand, she walked quickly away towards the mansion, whose top appeared over the tallest of the great oak trees.

When the fair stranger had disappeared, Arthur seated himself on the stile and lit a cigar; for a few moments he puffed away silently when suddenly he jumped up and exclaimed, "By Jingo! I never got her name, after all!" and then he turned to go.

Immediately on arriving at his inn, he commenced a cross-examination of his hostess, by which he now learned two facts. First, that Dangan was the property of John Power; and second, that there were two young ladies staying there—Miss Wilson and Miss Morley.

Next day saw him speeding from Waterford in a fly to his father's house in Tramore, intent on destroying that worthy old gentleman's peace of mind by the announcement of his determination to give up Miss Wilson and Highfield.

"Is my father in, Walshe?" he asked of the butler, when that functionary appeared to attend his young master.

"No, sir; Mr. Wilson was here, and the both of 'em are gone out."

"What! Mr. Wilson here?"

"Lor', yes, sir; him and Miss Wilson arrived this morning from Dangan."

"Confond it!" exclaimed Arthur. "They seem to haunt me everywhere I go!" And he retired precipitately into his own den. "Bring me something to eat here, Murphy; and don't let Miss Wilson know that I am in the house."

By the time he had finished his lunch, his mind was made up. Selecting a hugely-crested sheet of note-paper, he sat down and wrote, resigning both the lady and Highfield.

"That will do, I think. I hope it won't smell of tobacco."

He then rang the bell, and Murphy appeared.

"Here, take this to Miss Wilson," he said, "with my compliments."

Murphy was too well trained to show surprise at anything. He bowed and went. In ten minutes he returned.

"Miss Wilson's compliments, sir, and would you speak to her in the drawing-room."

"Oh, confound her!" exclaimed Arthur.

But there was no escape. The drawing-room was darkened to exclude the afternoon sun, but our hero discovered a white figure at the far end which rose and bowed as he advanced.

"I am delighted, Miss Wilson," she began, "to have the pleasure of—— Hullo, Miss Morley! You here?"

"Miss who?" said the laughing voice of his Portlaw friend. "I am not Miss Morley."

"Then who, in the name of goodness, are you?" he demanded, eagerly.

"I'm that horrid Miss Wilson—a—Emily."

Arthur sat down and stared at her; presently he broke into a great laugh.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh!" she said, in an injured tone.

In a moment more he was on his knees before her, looking up into her eyes.

"Miss Wilson—Emily, I—I——"

"I told you not to call me Emily, yesterday," she said, sharply.

"Yes, dear, but yesterday is not to-day; we're engaged now."

"What do you mean, sir? Engaged! what, after all this——"

"Oh, bother that letter! You know I love you to distraction. You are your own rival in love. You'll forgive me, Em, and marry me—won't you?"

"Certainly not, sir! You said I was vulgar, and fast—let go my hand—how dare you, sir? You said that Highland would be a cheap price to get rid of me. And then this letter! Let go my hand, I say—be quiet, Mr. Hill! Arthur, don't!"

But our hero was not to be put off in this manner; he knew how teasing all women are, and he meant to win his promised bride.

At last he conquered.

Miss Wilson surrendered ignominiously.

"Arthur," she whispered, as her head lay resting on his shoulder, "do you really care for me?" (Kisses, blushes and protestations.) "And you will even marry me?" (More kisses and blushes.) "Well, then, Arthur dear, I'm yours, and hope you'll find in me a loving wife."

"Oh, joy!" and he danced about like a puppet. "Emily, I knew that you were only trying to vex your fond Arthur; but why didn't you tell me, the day we first met by the river, who you were?"

"Ah, can you ask? Why, you silly fellow, since I never saw you before, was it not right that I should put your love to the test?"

And so the matter ended.

CHANCES OF LIFE.

IF we divide society as presently constituted into three great classes—the laboring or artisan, the trading, and professional, we find the value of life on the whole to be not materially different in each, but with a margin of balance in favor of the first. The sturdy farmer's chances of health and life are the best. Regularity, sobriety and labor are the motive powers which carry forward his vital machine; while luxury, licentiousness and sloth are agents which are ever tending to bring it to its final state of rest in other ranks of life.

It is, however, when we come to individual trades and professions that the differences in the rates of sickness and mortality become painfully manifest. Pre-eminent among these in point of deadliness is the steel-grinder, there being even in the several branches of his craft degrees of variation. The average age of the steel-fork maker is about thirty years.

There are several other trades the members of which are seriously exposed to complaints that, though similar in kind, are less in degree than that of the grinder, but which yet tend powerfully to the abridgment of their lives. Brass-finishing is one of these. There is also a class of workers among the potteries who almost live in an atmosphere of flint-dust, which proves nearly as fatal to them as the steel to fork-makers.

Certain classes of masons, too—especially those who chisel granite, suffer from a like malady to such a degree that in some districts few of them are reported to attain their fiftieth year.

In certain flax, woolen, and cotton-mills, where numbers of young persons are employed along with adults, the mortality is alarming from the perpetual inhalation of the dust and fluff with which the air of the room is loaded.

Similarly, to a greater or less extent, millers suffer from the floating particles of their meal, and snuff-makers from their snuff. In all these classes pulmonary affections are common, and the value of life is low.

Miners are a body of men that do invaluable work for our country. The miner, indeed, may be described as the Atlas upon whose shoulders our industrial world rests. Most of their existence passes unseen; their ways are almost a mystery, their world unknown to their fellow-men. They attract notice only when some appalling catastrophe takes place in the pit, or when some unhappy dispute breaks out between them and their employers.

How do they stand in the records of health and mortality? The answer the returns give is that, next to the grinder, they are as a class the shortest-lived. How could it be otherwise?

The complaints from which they suffer most are rheumatism, asthma, bronchitis, and pneumonia. As the grinder's lungs after death are, instead of being soft and spongy, found to be tough and scratchy, so the miner's appear black, and look as if they had been dipped in ink.

But it is not in these useful and indispensable occupations alone that we meet with an excessive death-rate. The gilder—an artisan employed in gilding metals, principally silver, by the action of fire—is compelled to inhale the fumes of mercury—upon which, if not speedily arrested, delirium and unconsciousness supervene.

The silverer of looking-glasses is exposed to the same risk, though, happily, in his case this has been lessened, if not altogether obviated by the application of voltaic electricity to the process.

There is a disease called the brass ague, which coppersmiths, plumbers, and workers in brass are liable to, from the presence of oxide of lead in the casting of the metal, and which very often terminates in general paralysis.

Then the makers of matches pay the penalty of his craft by inhaling the phosphoric acid which enters into their formation, and which attacks the bones of the face, especially the lower jaw, often destroying them altogether.

Painters, flock-paper and artificial flower makers are daily exposed to dreadful risks from the poisonous ingredients that enter so largely into the materials of their respective arts. Lead paralysis is a frequent complaint among them, and the poison which induces this sometimes also enters the brain, in which case manía ensues.

Among a few other substances that are injurious to health and hastening death, the manipulation of which is a necessity in certain trades and manufactures, we may mention the naphtha and turpentine by those employed in the polishing-shops, the sulphuric and prussic acid by the dyers, the putrescent materials handled in the glue, the fetid acid vapors in the starch, and the coke in the tin-plate and gas works. Indeed, there is hardly an article of elegance in the manufacture of which some deadly or disabling substance does not enter.

At the head of the company who most suffer from consumption march the bakers, the tailors, and the milliners of our large cities. Compositors are another class whose lives are cut short. Jobbing printers are as a rule found to be much healthier than newspaper compositors.

We cannot enumerate all the trades and professions, but may conclude by adverting to some curious facts bearing upon a few of them. In the country, farming would appear to be the most healthy of occupations, while that of the inn or tavern keeper is the most fatal. The butcher ranks next to him in fatality. The brewer's draymen is another illustration of appearances belying reality.

The student who wastes too much of the midnight oil is proverbially said to be sapping the foundations of his constitution; but the exaggerated cultivation of athletics, it appears, is productive of a like result. Among professional cricketers, wrestlers, boatmen, and such-like, the average duration of life is found to be notoriously low.

Regarding the 'expectation of life' at the several decades from twenty to seventy, of persons engaged in indoor occupations with little exercise and with great exercise, the difference is inappreciable whether the labor be hard or not. For instance, gardeners, agricultural laborers, and all those who are compelled to put forth a due measure of strength in the open air and under all weathers, have an expectation of six years longer life than men like policemen, watchmen, and others whose duties are more of a routine character and demand less active physical exertion.

Again, a comparison leads to the conclusion that the outdoor worker with little exercise is a worse life than the sedentary indoor worker whether with little or with great exercise; for example, the coachman's life is worse than the shopman's, and the clerk's is preferable to the longshoreman's. And what is still more curious, among the healthiest of our population are to be reckoned the scavengers, and cleaners of streets and sewers.

HUGE HAILSTONES.—Hailstones vary greatly in size. In ordinary storms they weigh from forty-six to one hundred and twenty grains. It may be interesting to notice some of the largest on record. Hailstones as large as eggs fell in England in the year 1202, during the reign of John; and in the twentieth year of that of King Alexander III. of Scotland (1260), there arose "great winds, with storms of such immeasurable hailstones, that many towers were thrown down" by their violence, and fires spread throughout the kingdom, "burning up steeples with such force of fire that the bells were in divers places melted." In 1339, while Edward III. was in France, his army was so much injured by a storm of immense hailstones that he concluded peace.

When Louis XII. of France made war against the Pope and carried his army into Italy (1510) bluish hailstones descended during a thunder-storm which weighed about one hundred pounds! On June 21, 1546, there fell in Lancashire "hailstones as big as men's fists, which had diverse prints on them, some like gunholes." On the 7th of June, 1573, in Northamptonshire, some were found which measured six inches in circumference; and on the 29th of April, 1697, a storm passed over Cheshire and Lancashire, during which hailstones weighing eight ounces and measuring nine inches in circumference fell. Hertfordshire, on the 4th of May in the same year, was visited by a shower of hail which killed several persons. The stones were fourteen inches in circumference.

Passing over many recorded, and, perhaps, doubtful instances such as the above, we learn that during a hailstorm at Constantinople, on October 5, 1831, there fell stones weighing more than one pound. Similar stones are said to have been picked up in May, 1821, at Italy. Blocks of ice fell in Spain, on June 5, 1829, which weighed four and a half pounds; and in the south of France, during the latter part of October, 1844, some fell which weighed eleven pounds. After a hail storm on May 8, 1802, in Hungary, a piece of ice was found which measured more than three feet, both in length and in width, with a thickness of two and a quarter feet. To conclude this list, a hailstone is said to have fallen in India, which was the size of an elephant. It is possible that many of those so called gigantic hailstones were simply masses of ice, composed of a collection of hailstone agglomerated together in some hollow space into which they had fallen, and where they may have remained for some time after the general fall of hailstones had melted and disappeared.

A STITCH IN TIME.—In all the affairs of life it is the stitch in time that saves us trouble. Some of us seem to find it impossible to take it; we are delayed about repairing the roof, for want of material, till the dampness cracks the plaster, and peels off the wall paper, and gives us bronchitis; we would take such pleasure in settling our bills before the interest doubles them as who owes them knows; we realize the necessity of a stitch in time in our own affairs, but have no thread and needle, so to speak: or we fancy we will attend to them to-morrow, or next week, or after we have gotten through with the work in hand, and then they are beyond mending. Sometimes it is our friendships that show a break, when a word spoken in season, how good it is! What tears and regrets it saves us! Many a heartache could be spared us by a seasonable adjustment of difficulties. M. S

We are strongly disposed to regard that person as the best physician who does most to alleviate human suffering. Judged from this standard, Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Ave., Lynn, Mass., is entitled to the front rank, for her Vegetable Compound is daily working wonderful cures in female diseases. Send for circulars to the above address.

NEVER AGAIN.

BY RITA.

Never again, though years may come and go,
And stars and suns may shine,
And blue waves beat the shore with restless flow,
Will your small hand clasp mine.

Never again, though orchards may grow sweet
With blossoms pink and white,
Will come the subtle music of your feet,
To fill me with delight.

Never again, when robins blithely sing
Songs that all souls rejoice,
Amid the many melodies of spring,
For me will sound your voice.

Never again, when through the shadows cold,
The moaning of the tide
Up from the sea in sad refrain is rolled,
Will you stand by my side.

Never again, while through the morning mist,
The opal glory streams,
Will we, where love has sanctified a tryst,
Tell over night's bright dreams.

Never again, oh! love so sweet, so fair!
The tides may rise and fall,
And bird songs echo through the fragrant air,
And you not hear my call.

Never again! The purple clovers toss,
And lilies vigil keep,
As soft south winds go wandering across
The grave wherein you sleep.

One Summer Day.

BY W. J. BRETT.

"OUR ballast is a rose," hummed the pathetic tenor of Ronald Leycester, as his eyes fell on the crimson blossom which Alice Avery had thrown down in the bottom of the boat.

"Our way lies where God knows," he continued to hum in a low voice, passionate as the words, and the girl looking up at him from under drooping lashes, with wistful, dreamy tender eyes met his own blazing with a strange fire which half awed and wholly thrilled her.

They two were alone in the boat, the boat was alone on the lake, the lake was alone amid the wooded hills one summer day.

"Our way lies where God knows," he sang over and over again; and then suddenly asked—

"Alice, do you know where?"

She looked down in the deep blue water, she looked up at the deep blue sky, but she could not answer him.

Since her sixteenth birthday, she had been engaged to Andrew Ellis, the master of the village school, and now she was nineteen, and really in love, at last, with a woman's love, not with Andrew, but with this man, with whom she had gone boating on this burning August day.

No wonder she could not answer him with her lips, though her heart cried, 'Anywhere, so that it is together.'

She did not even know if this fascinating, this wonderful Ronald, cared for her truly and honestly, as Andrew cared.

She only knew that he had stolen her very soul in the first few days of their acquaintance—and that he was aware, from the beginning, of her engagement to Andrew Ellis.

He was an artist, who had come to her mother's home, from the distant city, as a summer boarder; she did not believe that his means were any larger—if as large—than the teacher's; she did not believe that he was a better or truer man; but he had charmed her at once and entirely.

And Andrew Ellis, cold, stern, and egotistical, had seen that it was so; and had been compelled to go away and leave the two together, day after day, to sit in the rose-scented parlor, to thrum the old piano, to wander in the garden, the orchard, the woods, and fields.

He was not blind though he was silent.

"This is the last week of my vacation," said Leycester, when Alice made no response to his question but a look; "This is Saturday—I must leave you on Monday."

"So soon?" she faltered—was it wrong in her to turn pale? Perhaps it was, but she could not help it.

"You are sorry, and so am I," he said. "I am more than sorry—I am in despair. But there is one to whom you are bound who would suffer, so I must go—alone."

"If I were sure that Andrew loved me, I would not make him suffer for my mistake—I would keep my word with him."

The boat drifted on and on over the cool blue water.

Something stirred amid the evergreens that covered the jutting rock hanging high above the hill-encircled lake.

They did not dream of the fiery gaze that followed them; they did not dream that Andrew Ellis lurked on the cliff, jealousy raging in heart and brain.

"I have had enough of this," he muttered, hoarsely to himself. "This summer has been awful to me. I will bear it no longer."

Pity Andrew Ellis could not have overheard what this man whom he hated was saying!

"I am certain he loves you: I have seen the signs of his suffering; he is growing gaunt and thin; and he has naturally dark thoughts of me. When I meet him my conscience accuses me, and yet, oh Alice, Alice, it has been so hard to make up my mind to go away! Don't cry, my darling, unless you wish to see me quite unmanned. How strangely we are led by destiny. I never meant to say one word when we came out to-day."

"Nor I, Ronald."

"You will try and be brave and happy, my Alice?"

"Yes, Ronald."

Still the boat drifted on and on, until it passed out of the burning sunshine into the shadows of the cliff, where the water was still and deep, and where, all unsuspected, a man mad with jealousy crouched in the evergreens above and looked down upon them with cunning eyes.

It was a beautiful day, a beautiful world, steeped through and through with hot, golden sunlight.

The boat lay almost motionless under the pleasant shadow of the rock.

Leycester gathered the red rose from the bottom of the skiff and put it in his bosom, and again he hummed, sweetly and tenderly—

"Our ballast is a rose,
Our way lies where God knows."

"Alice," breaking off abruptly, "when I go back to the city it will unfit me for work if I think of you as sad and dull."

"I will not be—for your sake, Ronald" she said.

Yet the young face was full of pale despair that went to his heart; it was almost beyond human endurance not to take her in his arms, kiss her, comfort her, tell her that it was her duty to be his alone.

Oh, the rapture of such a decision. Yet he fought against it.

"Perhaps something may happen—he may be angry with you—or die. If anything ever does happen, Alice, let me know."

"I will."

"It is very hard, my darling."

"Harder for me than for you. You have your future to work out, and I have him," she said.

"How you shudder, dear Alice."

A twig snapped high over their heads on the edge of the cliff.

It sounded so sharply in the stillness that both looked up; yet they saw nothing.

Their good angel did not warn them of one hidden in the thicket, glaring down at them with a face they would hardly have recognized.

A blue and gold butterfly hovered over the water; a wild bird sang half a dozen notes and stopped, a gust of air brought down the spicy odor of the pines.

Ronald had grown as pale as his companion; they sat face to face, with idle oars, looking at one another with bitter longing.

"Confusion to them," whispered the schoolmaster to himself. "They sit and stare at each other. I swear I will kill them both, if they do not look out. How dare he come out boating alone with the girl I am to marry?"

A wild beast, glaring out of its covert, would have been less dangerous to the pair lingering below the cliff.

"If I could shoot him!" he muttered, but it was not the habit of the master to go armed; he looked around him furtively—a large, loose stone, twice the size of a man's head, lay close to his hand, tempting him.

"Our real good-bye will take place here," said Ronald, after several moments of silence had slipped away. "It is the last time, my sweet, that we will be alone together. God bless you, and keep you, my darling."

So saying with solemn tenderness, he leaned toward her, and by a sudden impulse their lips met and clung in one long kiss of farewell.

Andrew Ellis did not hear the words preceding the kiss—he only saw his betrothed, with her white arms about Leycester's neck and her sweet lips yielding to his.

A film came over his blood-shot eyes, a fiery smoke obscured his brain.

With the strength of a madman, he raised the heavy stone and hurled it, with all the might of his insane fury, at the hapless couple in the frail skiff under him.

With an awful crash it darted into the boat, crushed out the bottom, and sank it almost instantly.

"Man proposes; God disposes."

That frightful death-bolt, though it crushed the boat like an egg-shell, failed to touch its precious human freight; and Ronald Leycester, battling with the deep water for a life far dearer than his own, at last brought Alice to shore a quarter of a mile away from that sheer wall of rock close to which she had twice gone down.

He never dreamt what agency had brought that horrible boulder down into the boat; for, when the schoolmaster hurled it, his foot slipped and he followed the stone; falling headlong into the water, and striking the rock underneath it, he became unconscious and never rose to the fair light of day again.

Yet, days thereafter, his body was discovered floating among the pure water-lilies who betrayed not the secret of his death.

Ronald, thinking of the strange accident, had his suspicions, but he did not breathe them to Alice, and they never became absolute certainties.

And these two dwell in Love's Land from summer to summer, and sometimes they go together and lay a wreath of white roses on the grave of the one who was never privileged to dwell there.

GOD led the Israelites to and fro, forward and backward, as in a maze or labyrinth; and yet they were all the while under the direction of the pillar of cloud. He led them about, and yet He led them by a right way. His way in bringing his people home is always the best, though it may not be the nearest.

THE publication of weather predictions is of great benefit to the community. It enables the mean man to be generous by promising to take his wife on a pleasure trip the day he is certain that a heavy rain will postpone the trip.

ACROSS THE SUN.

THE first transit of the planet Venus across the sun ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy; and was observed by him just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day.

He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the table of Kepler indicated the nearness of the transit of Venus across the sun's centre. This was in the year 1635.

Often, on midsummer nights, Horrox was in the fields, watching the planet Venus. The desire sprang up within him to see the transit of this beautiful planet across the disk of the sun, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems in astronomy.

So the boy examined the astronomical tables of Kepler, and endeavored to find when the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date of the next transit. He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy who, like himself, loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came, too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, now past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disk on the paper, he expected to see the planet pass like a moving spot or shadow.

Suddenly the church-bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church-bell as a call from heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the bell rang. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure lost for a century.

But Horrox said, "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator to see the wonderful thing the Creator has made!"

So he left his room, and he went to the church.

When he returned from service the sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle of the paper, was the image of the planet Venus! It crept slowly along the bright circle, like a finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterwards, Venus again crossed the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and thousands witnessed the transit.

A CROWN'S THORNS.—The following is the description of the precautions against assassination made in the palace of the Czar: "A subterranean passage leads from the czar's room to the stables, where a number of horses are kept saddled and bridled day and night. Sentinels are posted at intervals of twenty yards, all around the building. The imperial bed room has two windows, protected at night by massive front iron shutters, which can only be reached from the out-side by passing through three spacious ante-chambers, in which are posted 80 Cossacks armed to the teeth. They are allowed to speak and move about in the two outer rooms, but in the hall adjoining the czar's bed-room perfect silence is maintained all night. The general on duty for the day sits in an easy chair, his Cossacks sitting on the divan which runs around the whole room. At the general's right hand is the knob of an electric apparatus which rings a bell in every guard house within the palace grounds. When the emperor is about to retire, before shutting the door he removes the outer handle, so that no entrance can be effected until he himself personally opens the door from the inside. Unlike his father he cannot endure an armed soldier in his bed-chamber.

FORECAST OF THE WEATHER.—When a woman leaves a piece of soap on the stairs where her husband will tread upon it, it is a dead sure sign of a storm. When a man gets up in the night and feels along the top pantry shelf in the dark, and knocks the big square bottle without any label down to the floor and breaks it, it is a sign there's going to be a dry spell until 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning. When the cradle begins to vibrate with irregular spasmodic motions about 1 o'clock in the morning, look out for squalls and try to remember where you put the paregoric the last time you used it.

A waste of "t"—Putting it in "depot."

IN this issue of THE POST will be found a large number of testimonials, in endorsement of the superior qualities of the Frank Siddalls Soap. As we have personally examined the letters and postal-cards from which the testimonials have been taken, our readers may rely upon their authenticity; and we add, that our own use of the article has shown us that it possesses all the merits these correspondents have found in it, and all that the inventor claims for it.

Scientific and Useful.

IRON IN WOOD.—Iron may be cemented in wood by dropping into the recess prepared in the latter a small quantity of a strong solution of sal ammoniac. This causes the iron to rust, rendering it very difficult to extract.

OIL PAINTINGS.—An artist says that if you want to clean an oil painting, "Cut a raw onion in two, dip it in a little tepid sweet olive oil, and rub briskly. It will restore the painting to almost its original brightness, without injury."

PEGGED BOOTS.—Pegged boots, it is stated, if occasionally dressed with petroleum between the soles and the upper leather will not rip. If the soles of boots or shoes are dressed with petroleum they will resist wet and wear well. The pegs, it is said, are not affected by dryness after being well saturated with this liquid.

GELATINE CAPS.—Bottles may be hermetically closed by means of gelatine caps. Gelatine mixed with glycerine yields a compound which is liquid when hot, but becomes solid by cooling, at the same time retaining much elasticity. To apply it, dip the neck of the bottle into the liquid mixture, and by repeating the operation the cap may be made thicker.

SWIMMING AND DROWNING.—It is a well-known fact, says the *Scientific American*, that any person of average structure and lung capacity will float securely in water if care be taken to keep the hands and arms submerged and the lungs full of air. Yet in most cases people who are not swimmers immediately raise their hands above their head and scream the moment they find themselves in deep water.

WIRE BELTING.—A Frenchman has brought out a novel kind of wire belting. The wire is wound on spindles, the diameter of which is as small as practicable, and is obtained, therefore, in the form of a long spring. The main point to be observed in using these wire coils is to give them dimensions proportioned to the power to be transmitted, so that while flexible they do not suffer undue elongation when in use. This method of transmission is reported to be cheap and effective.

PRESERVATIVE WRAPPING PAPERS.—Two new preservative wrapping papers have been recently brought out one for fruit and one for furs, cloth, etc. The first is made by dipping a soft tissue paper in a bath of salicylic acid and hanging it in the air to dry. The apples, oranges or other fruit may be wrapped in the paper before packing, and when the fruit reaches its market the paper can be removed and used again. A manilla wrapping paper may be prepared for resisting moths and mildew by dipping it in a prepared bath, squeezing it and drying it over hot rollers. The bath is made by sixty or seventy parts of oil removed by the distillation of coal tar naptha, five parts of crude carbolic acid containing at least 50 per cent. of phenols, twenty parts of thin coal tar at 100° Fahr., and five parts of refined petroleum.

Farm and Garden.

GAPES.—At the first sign of gapes in your chickens, says an agricultural paper, treat the patient to a bread pill thickly coated with red pepper, or a small lump of camphor. It may be necessary to repeat the dose. It is an unfailing cure.

TO SOFTEN HARD WATER.—We have found no plan better for softening hard water than exposing it for a few days to the atmosphere. The water not only becomes less hard, but is aired and warmed, and is in every way better for watering plants than water from a well or spring.

CORNSTALKS AND ASHES.—An exchange tells of a farmer who plowed an acre of rather poor soil and in the furrow he laid cornstalks lengthwise, and so on until the whole was plowed. On another acre he burnt the same amount of cornstalks and spread the ashes, the whole field being then planted with corn. The latter portion started much better than the first, and during the early part of the season was a good deal ahead, but the latter part of the season the first portion went ahead, the result being that the cornstalks brought off the best crop.

WINTER APPLES.—Several statements have been recently published of the entire success which has attended the keeping of winter apples under water. The experiment is worth repeating, observing the precaution of maintaining the temperature nearly down to the freezing point. The advantages of this practice are: First, the exclusion of air currents, and secondly, a temperature not liable to fluctuations, or which cannot quickly change. So long as the water can be kept quite cold, the fruit will be likely to remain sound, if too warm the skin will swell and crack by an over-absorption of moisture.

A DURABLE WHITEWASH.—For one barrel of color wash—Half a bushel white lime, three pecks hydraulic cement, ten pounds umber, ten pounds ochre, one pound Venetian red, quarter pound lampblack. Slake the lime; cut the lampblack with vinegar; mix well together; add the cement, and fill the barrel with water. Let it stand twelve hours before using, and stir frequently while putting it on. This is not white, but of a light stone color, without the unpleasant glare of white. The color may be changed by adding more or less of the colors named, or other colors. This wash covers well, needing only one coat, and is superior to anything known, excepting oil paint.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

Important Notice!

☞ As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

Our DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums..... $2.25
2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each..... 5.00
5 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each..... 7.50

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 20, 1881.

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TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

If you wish to do good, do good; if you wish to assist people, assist people. The only way to learn to do a thing is to do it; and that implies, before you learn to do right you will do wrong—you will make blunders, you will have failures; but persevere, and in the end you will learn your lessons, and many other lessons by the way.

A great deal of harm is done through forgetfulness. A little thoughtfulness and care with respect to others would often save them from a great deal of suffering, and aid them in their work. A man is discouraged in consequence of the difficulties he meets with. An encouraging word may be all that is necessary to revive his energies, and to cause him to persevere. That word were easily spoken. There are those who are perfectly willing to speak it, but they do not think of it.

When we overvalue ourselves, we undervalue our neighbors. Self-conceit is therefore the source of that pharisaical weakness called contempt. The man who prides himself on his descent, sneers at the man who relies upon himself and cares not who was his great-grandfather. The self-sufficient purist says to the scapegrace, "Go to, wretch—I am holier than thou;" and the millionaire, who regards money not as a means, but as an end, looks with scorn upon the plodder who is content with a moderate competence. There are few things in this world so utterly contemptible as contempt. It is the vice of vanity, and is a sensation unknown to true greatness.

Vain people, however, are generally satisfied with themselves, but if anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IN Ireland trade is still considered generally by the gentry an occupation beneath them, and the lawyers, doctors, and clergy in Dublin regard themselves as immensely superior to merchants. This folly is largely kept up by the women.

—

THE young CZAR of Russia leads rather a patriarchal life in the retirement of Peterhoff. He walks about the village with his wife and children, visits the huts of the peasants, and shows a paternal interest in their affairs. He enjoys the company of poor people and of children, it is said, more than that of his nobles.

—

WOMEN-TEACHERS in Germany are never well paid. Salaries begin at $200, and never exceed $450. When they retire, however, they receive pensions. Retirement at the end of ten years' service secures one-fourth of the annual salary given; and for every year of service added to the ten, one-eightieth of the pay is given.

—

IN August, 1823 a British soldier saved the life of the Princess Victoria, who was in danger of being killed by a runaway pony. He received a guinea and the thanks of the child's mother; but now, at the age of eighty-two, he comes out in a pamphlet complaining that he is obliged to live on his military pension of sixpence a day.

—

A WRITER in a London paper says: I saw a bathing-suit the other day which struck me as at once pretty and sensible. Round the back it had a little cork apparatus, not unlike a small bolster, cleverly concealed in one of the ruffs so much worn, and quite sufficient to keep the head out of water in case an inexperienced swimmer should lose her balance.

—

A VIENNA chemist has invented a powerful soporific, by which a person may be instantaneously and helplessly stupefied. It is called "bandiger," and the chemist invented it in order to defend himself against a dog which was in the habit of attacking him. Afterward he offered it to the police as a means of overpowering desperate men. He has also invented an antidote.

—

THE favorite flower of the Emperor of Germany is the corn-flower, known in the United States as the bachelor's button, ragged robin, or French pink. The story in regard to the liking of the Emperor for this flower is that after his marriage it was worn at a ball by his first love, who knew that he is so color-blind that he recognizes no color but blue. Another reason for his liking it is said to be that it was the favorite flower of his mother.

—

A PARISIAN statistic fiend has calculated that more than 550,000 hours are daily spent by the inhabitants of Europe in igniting friction matches. By his reckoning Europe consumes two thousand millions of matches daily. Assuming that each individual process of ignition occupies one second, and this is reasonably supposed to be a fair average, it is obvious that the calculation is correct. The moral, however, is not apparent, and; since the calculator is a Parisian, perhaps none was intended.

—

IT may not, perhaps, be known, says a prominent London paper, that a man wearing dark clothes is more liable to infection from contagious disease than he who wears light-colored garments, because particles which emanate from diseased or decaying bodies are much more readily absorbed by dark than by light fabrics. This is easy of proof. Expose a light and dark coat to the fumes of tobacco for five minutes, and it will be found that the dark one smells far stronger than the other of tobacco-smoke, and it will retain the odor longer.

—

IN summing up the results of prohibition in Maine, one of the friends of the movement states that the number of dram shops has been reduced from one to every 225 inhabitants in 1833 to less than one to every 1,000 inhabitants in 1881, while the sales in these secret shops are less than one-fourth what they would be if openly-licensed. He refutes the charge that there is more crime in Maine than in any other State by showing that there is in Maine one State prison convict to 2,700 inhabitants; in Alabama, one to 1,400; in California, one to 600; in Connecticut, one to 2,100; in Massachusetts, one to 2,200; in New Hampshire, one to 1,900; in Vermont, one to 1,800; and in New York, one to 1,400.

—

IT is estimated that nearly 2,000,000,000 pounds of paper are produced annually, one-half of which is used for printing, a sixth for writing, and the remainder is coarse paper for packing and other purposes. The United States alone produces yearly 200,000 tons of paper, averaging seventeen pounds per head for its population. The Englishman comes next, with about twelve pounds per head; the educated German takes eight pounds, the Frenchman seven pounds, while the Italian, Spaniard, and Russian takes respectively three pounds, one and a half pounds, and one pound annually, the consumption of paper being roughly in proportion to the uneducated and intellectual and political activity of the people.

—

THE effect of fashion upon business is shown by the fact that enough crinoline cannot now be obtained to supply the renewed demand. A few years ago millions of dollars were invested in its manufacture; many thousands of hands were employed; inventors puzzled their brains for improvements in the hoops or the skirts. The fashion changed, and all this industry ceased as if by magic, and hoop-skirts, banished from polite society, served as chicken-coops in the country. Now, when the fashion has revived, the manufactories will have to be built up again. Within a year all the old patents, all the old jokes, all the old cuts and all the old caricatures upon crinoline will be again available, and each and every belle will be hooped up like a barrel or a fancy stock.

—

THE International Exhibition of Electricity, which is now open in Paris, is giving a good deal of employment to the newspapers. The French exhibitors rally more than five hundred strong, while the foreigners competing are still more numerous. The main hall of the building is lighted by a blaze contributed by electric lamps of every pattern and variety. On the right of the main entrance is displayed every kind of electric apparatus used by railroads, telegraphs, in the field and at sea, sewing-machines, and so on. There are twenty-five halls, each illuminated by a specific variety of electric light, and in each hall are a collection of the machines, and even of the toys which the growing science has already created. Telephones, phonographs, automata, locomotives, marine engines, surgical instruments, every conceivable use to which electricity can be applied, are upon exhibition.

—

THE most ancient vegetation of the world was ferns. In the coal age they were the only species of plant that flourished, but they were ferns indeed, very different from their diminutive descendants of to-day—tall fellows, growing to a height of forty feet, in dense and swampy jungles, in an atmosphere surcharged with carbonic acid gas. It is strange that the last endeavor to provide food for the ill-fed masses of Europe has taken the form of inquiry into the possibilities of converting the tender ferns of the woods and forests into edible vegetables. We may soon hear of the modern ferns supplying man with food as those in the past have with warmth in the shape of coal. It is needless to say that the idea of cooking ferns originated with a Frenchman. A "fern omelette" is suggestive of dainty frying-pans and artistic cooking.

—

THE growing reputation of American manufactures in the markets of the world has alarmed competitors abroad. Whatever Americans undertake, whether it be machine-tools, cutlery, silks, flour, cotton-cloth, or any other merchandise, they make their brands the leading ones, selling for the most money, and universally sought after. The reasons for this are plain. It is not on account of the better and more direct processes employed; it is not by discarding work shop traditions and old-time methods; it is not by such adventitious aids that we have achieved so great an eminence that our trade marks are counterfeited, and foreign goods are represented as of American make. It is because our manufacturers have found that mercantile honesty is the only policy, and that when they attempt to adulterate or lower the standard the criticism of competitors exposes them at once.

—

IT is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is another name for love—for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry and do battle with an enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

—

AN indignant head-clerk in the Baltimore Post-office wants the newspapers to convey to the public his emphatic protest against the latest popular mania—confined as yet to sentimental writers of billets doux—namely the sticking of postage stamps upon unusual and out-of-the-way parts of envelopes. There is, it seems, a "postage-stamp code" of flirtation, and each position of a stamp expresses some particular sentiment. Now the law allows the stamp to be put anywhere on the envelope the sender may please. But its position is a matter of importance to the canceling clerk. "As long," says the Baltimore official, "as the stamps are in the orthodox place—the upper right-hand corner—they can work away like bees, and get through quickly, because the motion from the ink-pad to the stamp is a continuous one; but just as soon as they have to hunt around over the letter to find where the stamp is wafered, why they can't get along near so fast. Please hint through your paper that every letter that comes here not stamped with a single stamp in the right hand upper corner we use to make paper chickens out of."

—

STATISTICS of evictions in Ireland for the quarter ending on the 30th of June, 1881, furnish some interesting figures. In Ulster 440 families, numbering 2,038 persons, were evicted, and 24 families, or 131 persons, were re-admitted as tenants, while 275 families, or 1,373 persons, were re-admitted as "care-takers." In Leinster the number of families evicted was 171, or 750 persons; the families re-admitted as tenants were 12 in number, or 50 persons, and the care-takers re-admitted were 82 families, or 296 persons. In Connaught 168 families, comprising 1,570 persons, were evited; only three families, numbering 14 persons, were re-admitted as tenants, and the families re-admitted as care-takers were 118, representing 718 persons. In Munster there were evictions of 186 families, or 914 persons, with 11 families, comprising 71 persons, re-admitted as tenants, and 89 families, or 507 persons re-admitted as care-takers. For the four provinces the totals are: Evicted, 1,065 families, or 5,262 persons; re-admitted as tenants, 50 families, or 256 persons; re-admitted as care-takers, 542 families, or 2,895 persons, leaving 473 families, or 2,112 persons who were not re-instated

Three Shots.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I

NATURALLY, considering the nature of my calling, I have been always particularly attracted by the scores of stories—not, I am inclined to think, always based upon actual occurrences,—which tell of the ingenious plots contrived by scoundrels to gain possession of other people's jewels, especially diamonds.

In many cases such stories are, of course, but pure fiction.

But as to those which profess to narrate facts, whether plain or colored, I have only too much reason from personal experience, to suspect that the real owners of jewels have, very often, more to do with their disappearance than easily-imagined brigands, swindlers, or thieves. Nevertheless, there is enough substratum of truth to make even purely-invented stories of this kind probable.

Mine is not an invented story; but my reason for telling it is not so much its truth as its supremely extraordinary character. Its like, in my single detail, never happened to anybody else in the world. Were it not for this, I would surely refrain from adding to the pile of jewel-stories in which some jeweler's agent plays the part of hero or victim. For I was myself agent to a very great firm of jewelers—when there happened to myself that terrible experience, terrible almost beyond the power of words to describe, which I am for the first time in my life, about to try to tell in words.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, how one of our partners called me into his private room, and said to me.

"Morris, I must ask you to be good enough to start for Paris this very evening—that is to say, by the very first possible train. You know that parure of the Princess Mouranov that we have to put into new settings?"

"Of course I do."

"Well you know the Princess as a customer, she is rather flighty; but she's too big a gun for us to disregard her whims. The parure is just out of hand, and was to have been delivered to her in Portland-place to-morrow morning; but—it's just like her—she's taken it into her head to set off on a voyage to America, and, an hour after she took the whim into her head, she was off, so I hear. It's just like her, anyhow. I believe she goes to Patagonia, where her diamonds—that is to say, her parure—she thinks, will be indispensable to her. I should not have thought so myself, but I suppose she knows. Anyhow, she's going to spend the whole of to-morrow in Paris, and her diamonds must be delivered to her there, and paid for—you understand. If we don't deliver the parure, she'll never forgive us; and if she doesn't pay before going off Heaven knows where, why, we shall never forgive ourselves. You'll have to be sharp, for it doesn't follow that she'll stay in Paris a whole day because she says she will; and you'd better avoid having to follow her, if you possibly can."

"Naturally? Where is Madame to be found?"

"At a place called Les Bosquets. It's outside Paris; but here's the address written down. I needn't tell you to be cautious."

"Why?" asked I. "It all seems simple enough. I've only got to give the parure to the Princess—into her own hands, of course—receive the money, give and take a receipt, and come away. There will be no difficulty about the Princess's money, I suppose?"

"No. But, don't you see, I'm afraid you are still a trifle young, Morris. Those Mouranov diamonds are as well-known to all the diamond-hunters in Europe—and they swarm abroad—as they are to me. Better than they are to you, by a long way. By some means or other, you may take your oath, one of these gentry will know you to have the charge of them. It's no good taking precautions against that; they will know all the same, and precautions are only a way of putting people on the trail. Take care you go to the right house, my friend. Take care that you see the right lady. Don't eat or drink, however much you may be pressed, till you're safe back at your hotel. Don't shut your eyes till it's all over. If a strange woman speaks to you, cut her dead; if a strange man, knock him down. And——"

"Well, what else? But I'll take care of myself, never fear."

"You're an unusually handsome man, you know," said he, with a wink and a knowing smile, "and I suppose, like all handsome men, you're a bit of a lady-killer—without meaning it, you know. A nod's as good a wink, you know; and you're not a blind horse, whatever you may be. Paris is a lively place, you know, for a man of your make with diamonds next to his heart worth thousands of dollars. It isn't the men I'm afraid of in your case; it's the women."

Every man likes that sort of chaff; and I was really weak enough in those days to take an especial pride in what I could not help knowing to be my personal advantages. So I was in the best temper as I answered modestly—

"Well, sir, nobody knows everything about all women; but I do think I know enough about a few to guess a good deal what the rest might be up to. I don't think I'm likely to be come over that way. And I should think this little fellow," I added, showing him a new revolver, "will be enough for common odds, not in petticoats."

"Don't put yourself in a position that'll oblige you to use it," said my employer. "And you won't if you keep clear of the common odds—in petticoats, you know. I must be off now. Call at my house for the parure in an hour."

Full of confidence in my resources, proud of the trust that had been placed in me, I started with the Mouranov parure by the next train for Dover.

I had bidden my mother and sister a hurried good-bye, without telling them of the invaluable charge I carried about me. And I arrived at one of the first hotels in Paris without the smallest adventure of any kind.

To all with whom I came into any slight contact *en route* I must have been an ordinary Englishman, making an ordinary trip to Paris.

II

I had just ordered some refreshments after my journey before proceeding to Les Bosquets, when—

"Monsieur Alfred Morris from London?" asked one of the waiters.

"Yes," said I, though wondering how my name could possibly be known to him, seeing that I had but just arrived, and had not even written my name in the list of persons staying in the hotel. Was my "Yes" a piece of imprudence? I hardly know to this hour.

"A young lady," he said, in English, "has been waiting for one hour to see monsieur."

A young lady in Paris, waiting to see me! What could that mean? My employer's warning came instinctively to my mind. But I could not very well refuse to see her. And certainly no possible harm could come of my seeing her in a large and crowded hotel.

"Mademoiselle waits in the *salon*," said the waiter.

So to the *salon* I went, more curious than anxious about who the young lady might be who expected me in Paris, and who knew my name so well.

She was a stranger—a young Frenchwoman, rather pretty and exceedingly well-dressed, and yet with something about her that showed she did not wholly belong to the upper world.

"Monsieur Alfred Morris from London?" asked she, in precisely the same words as the waiter, but in a voice and accent which made the words sound very differently indeed, and made the girl herself look really instead of only possibly pretty. Indeed, hers was one of the very sweetest voices I had ever heard.

"At your service, mademoiselle," said I, with a bow.

"I am truly fortunate," she said, smiling. "I was beginning to fear you would never come."

"And may I ask, mademoiselle, with whom——"

"Indeed, monsieur. I am Mademoiselle Lenoir, principal Lady of the Chamber to the Princess Mouranov——"

"Ah!" sighed I, a little disappointed. It was no adventure, then—only the affair of the parure, after all. Still—well, considering everything, that was perhaps all the better. Adventures, till the receipts were exchanged, would certainly be out of place.

"Yes; the Princess Mouranov," repeated she. "I am in all the confidence of madame's toilette—you comprehend."

She was speaking in very good English, with an accent that improved my native language, it seemed to me.

"Madame received a telegram from London, from your firm, saying you would be here to-day. It was a careful telegram, monsieur—and that was well. It is not prudent to let all the world know what you carry—without doubt nearest to your heart, monsieur! Have I not reason—I? But madame has changed her plans—that is the habitude of madame. I always know what madame will not do next, for it is always what she shall not say. She was for America last night; to-day, she is for Biarritz. But she will want the pa—the affair monsieur knows of—all the same; all the more. Even so, she was going to Les Bosquets; in fine, she is not at Les Bosquets, but at the Villa Stefania, her own little house where she goes to be alone. Ah, madame will love to be alone at times—sometimes for one whole half-hour, monsieur! But she must have the parure on the instant, and in her own hands, so I come from madame myself to conduct you to Villa Stefania without delay."

All this was fully in accord with all that I had ever heard of the eccentric restlessness of this great Russian lady, nor had I the faintest reason, after hearing of the telegram from my employers, to doubt the simple good faith of so pretty and altogether attractive a young lady as Mademoiselle Lenoir.

Still there was one obvious precaution that I ought to take, and I did take it; for I wish to make it absolutely clear that I acted in all respects as the most of men could have done.

"Mademoiselle will permit me to ask," said I, "simply as a matter of business form, if she has the written authority."

"Of Madame the Princess? Assuredly," said she, with a bright smile. "It is good to treat with a monsieur of the prudence of monsieur;" She handed me at once a little sealed note, perfumed and gracefully written, that ran as follows:

"Villa Stefania, January 12.

"Monsieur Alfred Morris, will have the goodness to accompany the bearer, Mademoiselle Lenoir, to the Villa Stefania, without any delay, there to execute the commission with which he is charged.

"STEPHANIE MOURANOV."

I have that note still, to remind me of—— But the end is not yet come. Suffice it that doubt, under the circumstances, never entered my mind; nor, I dare to swear, would it have entered the reader's, had he to judge before the event, as I had to do.

I found Mademoiselle Lenoir an exceedingly pleasant companion on the way to Villa Stefania, which fancifully named residence we reached in an hour and a half, partly by rail and partly by carriage.

I supposed it some eccentricity on the part of the Princess that she did not, as she certainly might have done, send a carriage to convey us the whole way. Perhaps she was one of those people who take a pleasure in little mysteries and pointless conspiracies. Mademoiselle Lenoir talked the whole time about all sorts of things and places, and I found her sympathetic, intelligent, and singularly well informed, as well as charming. I even began to flatter myself that I had made a by no means unsatisfactory impression upon mademoiselle.

Villa Stefania, where we arrived after darkness had fallen, I could not very distinctly see; but I made out that it was a small house, probably not long built, standing alone and apart from all other dwellings in a sort of shrubbery, and approached through a tiny court just the lodge of the porter. We were at once admitted, without any ringing or waiting. Mademoiselle conducted me up a staircase and along a passage, both scarcely half lighted, into a room so dark that I could scarcely see where I was.

"Imbeciles!" cried Mademoiselle Lenoir. "Not a light in the *salon*, not even a candle! That is how one is served when one has twenty servants, monsieur, each with his duties; we must have a twenty-first, to do nothing but see that the sconces shall not be empty in the *salon*—unless, perhaps, it shall be some fancy of madame, for nobody to know you are here. I will see. Monsieur is a brave man? He is not afraid of being left alone in the dark till madame arrives? It will be in one moment, monsieur. Madame is anxious, very anxious, for the parure."

I thought my being asked to wait in pitch darkness a little odd, but I could only say—

"It is many years since I believed in Bogy, mademoiselle."

"Well, it shall not be long." And she was gone, closing the door behind her, if my ears told truly.

Without believing in Bogy, it is not a pleasant thing to be left alone in a strange room in the dark, all the same,—fancies will come into one's head, especially when the seconds grow into minutes without counting themselves on a visible watch-face, and when one has on one's person diamonds worth many thousands of dollars.

Everything was all right, of course; and yet I could not help wishing that the Princess Mouranov had received me at Les Bosquets by the light of at least one candle, if not of day.

And, though I was but a tradesman's employe, common French courtesy should not have kept me waiting for a light, even though a fine lady might not be ready to see me the very instant I arrived.

I felt my way to a very comfortable sofa, on which I sat down, and waited on, waxing impatient, and feeling rather like a prisoner condemned to the dark cell. Manners forbade me to doze or whistle, and—

But impatience was soon to change into something more.

III.

Was that sound of voices in the room or no?

If not in the room, close to the room it must have been; for I heard them plainly. Sometimes darkness itself will strangely sharpen our ears, and there are certain words which, once heard, sharpen them yet more keenly.

I heard three voices. One was Mademoiselle Lenoir's, one was a strange woman's, the third was a man's.

"Neatly trapped enough," said the last, so slowly in the German manner, that they brought their whole significance home to my dull ears.

"But for the rest," said Mademoiselle Lenoir, "what ought one to do? If he goes back to England."

"He must not go back to England," said the voice of the other woman—it was singularly cold, firm, and clear. "He must not leave France; he must not leave Paris till we are safely gone. Those diamonds."

"If the worst comes to the worst," said the man, "what then? We are man to man. If he does not behave himself, he will have to reckon with me. These things are awkward, because of the police."

"He will not resist," said Mademoiselle Lenoir. "And if he does——"

I thought I heard a sigh, so sharp had my ears grown. But from whom came the sigh? Whether from Mademoiselle Lenoir or that other woman I could not tell.

"If he does," said the man, "be it on his own head, whatever comes. You understand me, my friend. I do not like too much blood; but if there be resistance, there must be—what there must be. He must not trace the diamonds, nor you."

It had all passed through my ears to my sinking heart long ago.

Fool that I had been to listen to a woman's story, however plausible it might seem! Some plot, invented and carried out with fiendish cunning, had brought me into a den of robbery and murder. I was to wait for death in that lonely house and that horrible dark chamber!

What, in the name of Heaven, in the name of desperate helplessness, was I to do? The voices grew confused, then ceased altogether. I was alone. Nobody knew me in Paris; nobody would miss me there. If I did not return, my employers would set me down as having run off with the jewels; my mother and sisters themselves would believe me guilty, and break their hearts and starve. Could I escape from the house? Impossible—through unknown passages and a locked door!

Instinctively I felt for my revolver, useless as it must be in a dark room. The murderer, or murderers, knowing the premises, could be upon me in a moment, and have me down before I could know of their approach; and one must have some faint light for an aim. I had known that all sorts of atrocities are even more common in Paris than in London; but how could I dream that such a doom as this, all for believing in the smooth tongue of a pretty serpent, would ever be mine? I say I felt for my revolver, though knowing all the time how vain a toy it would be now. A knife for close quarters would have been ten times its value; and that, too, would have been vain. I don't think myself less brave than other men, yet I could not help a groan of despair at the thought that I was about to be murdered so helplessly, so hopelessly. How soon would it be?

I drew out my revolver, and, in doing so, a little fusee-box, with a few wax matches in it, fell on the floor. One moment's light would be something, though the last gleam I was ever to see. I groped for the box, found it at my feet, and struck one of the matches. Heaven! what met my eyes? The gleam of flame had indeed come not a moment too soon.

Straight in front of me, coming towards me through an open door, was an evil-looking ruffian as I had ever seen; a murderous ruffian, if ever there was one, hideously livid, and with eyes that glared towards mine. Thank heaven for that one gleam of light! It might be enough for a straight aim. No time must be lost. I am no fighting man, Heaven knows. But—I fired.

For a moment the smoke clouded my eyes. But I heard a cry. The flame from my match had not wholly died. And by its light I saw— Great Heaven! I had not had one murderer to deal with. A whole gang of brigands were upon me and my diamonds. What was to be done?

Five more brigands at least were there. Well, I dared not pray for so hopeless a thing as life; but would at least be true to my trust and sell it dearly. My name, my honor, might yet be saved. First to right, then to left, I fired, and fired again—twice—three times.

And the match went out, and left me to the mercy of the robbers and cut-throats into whose hands I had been drawn by a woman's words.

IV.

Suddenly a blaze of light filled the room, so bright, that my eyes, till now blinded by darkness, were more blinded still.

"What madman is here?" cried a woman's voice—that other woman's, not Mademoiselle Lenoir's. "O! O! O! My poor, dear, beautiful boudoir! Send for the gendarmes!"

Was I alive? I suppose so, since I could hear and see. And how can I describe the scene that I beheld?

I was in an elegantly furnished room. On my left hand, with clasped hands, gazing at me with a face full of amazement, was Mademoiselle Lenoir. On my right, looking at me with wild looks of mingled anger, despair, and terror, was a handsome lady, who resembled a queen of tragedy.

"O Amelie!" cried the latter.

"O Madame la Princesse!" echoed Mademoiselle Lenoir.

"My favorite clock!" moaned the right-hand lady.

"And three whole mir——" mademoiselle was beginning, when I felt my arms grasped tightly behind my back, and a man's stern slow voice in my ear:

"Who are you? Are you madman or brigand? What does this mean? Who are you that make havoc with the boudoir of Madame la Princesse de Mouranov? Who, I say?"

I must confess it at last! I am a little near-sighted; and, by the dim light of the match, had mistaken the six-fold reflection of myself in the panels of an octagonal room lined with large mirrors for a band of murderers.

And that talk of death and diamonds behind the wall? Well, as I learned afterwards, the Princess Mouranov was, as it seemed half the world knew, busily occupied in flying from the pursuit of a husband from whom she was trying to keep not only herself, but her famous diamonds. Her eccentric movements had baffled him for long; but the temporary sojourn of her parure with our firm had nearly put him on the tracks. Read the talk by the light of this and you will understand—even the big talk of Madame's last champion, a German baron, who did meet the Prince in mortal fight with swords, and came off second-best with a gash that went through his sword-arm. Who has got the diamonds now I neither know nor care.

Smash every lying looking-glass, whether it tells you you are a murderer, or whether—as is more common—it tells you, as my own, once upon a time, used to tell me, that I was a handsome as well as a near-sighted man.

THE unknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the unknown: thought and meditation are the great mysterious pointings of the needle.

Do wrong to none. Love all, trust a few.

"THESE THREE."

Faith, Hope and Charity, abroad one day,
Saw, as they went, a beggar by the way.
For some small alms he humbly knelt to pray;
"Ask on," said Faith, "the that in prayer believes,
Sooner or later, all the good receives."
"He that in patience holds an empty cup,"
Cried sparkling Hope, "the Lord will fill it up."
So Faith and Hope wandered on:
Charity waited till the both had gone,
Then sweetly, in the beggar's empty palms,
Without a word bestowed a golden alms.

The Lost Daughter.

"All these are under two years," said the matron of the Foundling Hospital," as she looked complacently around on the goodly array of babies of all sizes and complexions, ranged on either side of the long nursery.

"Here is a very fine boy-baby," said the matron, pausing in front of a black-eyed fellow, who sat on the knee of its nurse, sucking its fat thumb.

"Yes, but I want a girl, a blonde. Something like this."

As the matron glanced at the photograph that was handed her, which was that of a very lovely child of not more than two summers, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is the picture of my little girl," said the lady, her eyes filling with tears, "who died a few weeks ago, and whose place I wish to fill, if such a thing be possible."

"We have a little girl in the hospital ward," said the matron, "who resembles this picture so strongly that I think it was taken for her. Both parents are dead, and, so far as I can learn, there is no one to claim her."

The speaker led the way to a cheerful sunny upper room, where on one of the little cots a beautiful child was sleeping. The resemblance to the picture was very strong, and to the bereaved mother it seemed almost like a revelation from Heaven.

"Lillian, darling Lillian!" she cried, bending over her.

The child must have been dreaming of its mother; the fringed lids flew open, revealing eyes blue and wondrously bright, while the little arms went up, with an eager fluttering motion.

"Mamma!"

Clasping the child to her heart, the lady burst into tears, while the matron looked wonderingly from one to the other.

"She looks enough like you to be your own child."

"She *is* my own child!" was the tearful response. "Providence has had compassion on my loneliness and sorrow, and given my little Lillian back to me!"

* * * * * *

Blue-eyed golden-haired Lillian Howard stood irresolutely at the door of the father's study; the color coming and going in the cheeks, and a look of fear and dismay in the sweet face that was never seen there before.

The door ajar, Mr. Howard heard her step, gentle as it was.

"Daughter!"

Mr. Howard looked gravely and tenderly into the pale, wistful face that confronted him.

"My child, you look as if you were summoned before a stern judge rather than a tender father, who would not knowingly deny you anything that would promote your true happiness.

"You have always been very kind to me, papa, until now," said Lillian, bursting into tears. "But, indeed, indeed, I can never be happy without Charlie!"

Taking his daughter's hand, Mr. Howard led her to a seat in the recess of one of the windows.

"Let us talk the matter over calmly. You are my only child, the pride and joy of my heart. I have given you every advantage that wealth can command, and feel that I have a right to expect you to do better than to marry a man with neither position nor means to support you in the style to which you have been accustomed. And your mother fully agrees with me.'

"But, papa, you always seemed to like Charlie until now. You never objected to his coming here, or my going out with him before."

"I like him still; my personal feelings have not changed towards him in the least. But I find his prospects are very different from what I thought they were."

"But why should you care for money papa, who have so much?"

"You are wrong, Lilian. True, I am the owner of considerable property, but the shrinkage in all values has greatly crippled my resources. Go now, my child; I have some letters to write. You may be sure that your father has decided wisely. Tell the young man what I have told you, and let that end the matter."

Tying on her hat, Lilian went out for her usual walk; but not even the bright sunshine, and bloom, and verdure of that beautiful June day could make her heart less heavy. Her eyes were so blinded by the tears that *would* come, that she nearly ran against an odd-looking middle-aged man, who came hobbling along the narrow foot-path. As he caught a glimpe of the young lady's quivering lips, and tear-wet lashes, he came to a sudden stop.

"Crying, Miss Lilian! What does this mean?"

Lilian looked into the kind, sympathizing face of the speaker.

"Oh, Mr. Haven, papa says that I can see Charlie only once more; and then only to tell him that we can never, never marry!"

"Does he?" was the grim response. "I think I shall have something to say about that. Do you love Charlie?"

"Dearly!"

"And you think he loves you?"

"I am sure of it,"

"Then I see no reason why you two shouldn't marry."

Lilian opened her eyes widely.

"You don't think I ought to disobey papa?"

"I've said nothing about your disobeying your father; that is about the very last thing that I should counsel you to do. But Charlie is poor, you know. I have a daughter just about your age, who will inherit all my wealth. Do you think you could be happy in a small, plainly-furnished house, with neither servants, fine dresses, nor any of the beautiful things to which you have been accustomed all your life?"

The golden lashes drooped until they lay quivering upon the flushed cheeks.

"If Charlie were there."

Mr. Haven's face betrayed strange and strong emotion.

"Twenty years ago," he said, tremulously, "lips just as sweet spoke to me nearly the same words. As I live, your life shall not be blighted as hers was. Cheer up, my child," he added, "leave the matter to me, and all will be well. I was on my way to your house when you met me. I am going to dine there to-day. Let us go back together."

Mr. and Mrs. Howard were too much accustomed to the vagaries of their wealthy and eccentric neighbor, to be any way surprised at his appearance.

He had frequently dined with them in the same unceremonious fashion; his genial and kindly traits of character making him a great favorite with all the family.

Their after-dinner talk turning upon the improbability of a recently published story, Mr. Haven said, "I will relate a story, as strange as any that can be found in what is called fiction, and which is strictly true:

"Sixteen years ago yesterday, as it stands upon the records of a certain orphan asylum in a distant county, a lady, young, fair, and wealthy, went there for the purpose of obtaining a child to take the place of one she had just lost. In one of the wards was a lovely little girl, whose parents had both been killed, as was supposed, in a railway disaster, and who so strongly resembled her lost darling that her heart went out towards it at the first glance.

"She took it away with her, giving it her child's place and name, and her husband, who was absent at the time, has never once suspected that it was not the little one that he kissed at parting, and over whose grave the grass has been growing for many a year.

"Six months later the father of this child, who had recovered in a measure from the accident which had made him a cripple for life, called at the asylum to claim her, but only to learn that she had passed as completely out of his possession as if the grave had hidden her from his eyes.

"The death of a wealthy relative had raised him from poverty to affluence, and he spared neither money nor pains in his endeavors to find her. But the lady who had taken her from the asylum having given a false name and address; all his efforts were fruitless, and it was not until after the lapse of some years, and by the merest chance, that he obtained a clue which led to the discovery of her whereabouts.

"She was then a blooming maiden of eighteen, the inmate of a beautiful and happy home, and the pride and darling of a man for whom he had a high esteem, and who believed her to be his own child."

Here the speaker was interrupted by an exclamation from one of the group. Mrs. Howard had fainted.

During the bustle and confusion that followed, Mr. Haven went out upon the lawn, where he was joined, half an hour later, by Mr. Howard. After conversing together a few minutes the two returned to the house, where they found Mrs. Howard and Lilian. Both had evidently been weeping, but the countenance of the former was composed though very pale.

"Mr. Haven," she faltered, "for the first time my husband knows that the child so dear to us both is akin to neither. But you are wrong if you think that I intended at first to deceive him. I was among strangers when my own baby died, and he on a business tour of several months' duration. The two were of nearly the same age, and strangely alike, and on perceiving that my husband saw no difference I decided to wait until she had gained too strong a place in his heart to be easily dislodged; every week's delay making my task more difficult, until it became something that I found it impossible to do. And, strange as it may sound to you, so closely did Lilian resemble the little one I lost, and so entirely did she take her place in my heart, that I could never make it seem that she was not mine by birth as well as by affection."

"I can give you the key to this," said Mr. Haven, "as well as to Lilian's strong resemblance to you and your child. Have you forgotten your twin sister, who bore the same name, and who was discarded by her family for marrying beneath her as they called it? She was my wife, and the mother of your Lilian; but I have not come to disturb the relation that has so long subsisted between you, but to see that she is not defrauded of woman's dearest right, the right to wed the man who has not only won her heart, but is worthy of it. There is many a millionaire who is not so rich in all that constitutes true manhood as Charles Harlowe. My gentle Lilian was nearly heart-broken at the harsh decree which separated her from all her early friends; give not to her child the same bitter experience, but let her go to the husband of her choice with your blessing as well as mine."

That the blessing of her adopted parents followed Lilian to her new life and home, we may be sure. Mr. Haven is very happy in the happiness of his long lost daughter, who often declares "that she has two papas, and does not know which she loves best."

FOLLOWING THE FALCON.

IT is difficult to understand why this ancient amusement has dropped so entirely out of favor in Europe. No form of outdoor sport was more beloved for many centuries. Mediæval writers teem with allusions to it. To carry one of these birds was a sign of rank, persons of lower station being prohibited indulging in the amusement of hawking. Falcons were costly to keep, requiring a train of attendants, and leases were sometimes granted on condition of maintaining the expense of "a cast of hawks."

A fine hawk was worth $1,500 of our money some centuries ago, and it was a common present to pass between kings. Not only was a falcon dear to buy and difficult to train, but there was a tradition that the bird scorned to serve a base master; and that if some chivalrous owner died, his falcon would traverse sea and land to attach itself to an equally worthy proprietor.

The bird, however, enjoyed great favor. Knights and ladies carried it on the fist at feast and tourney, sometimes even in church. In Germany the barons claimed the right of placing their hawks close to the altar. It is chronicled of Henry II. that he loved his falcons so well as to carry them on his bare hand, without the protection of the glove usually worn as a shield against their sharp claws. The hawks often shared their owner's bedchamber, sleeping on perches above the beds. When Henry III. invaded France in 1359, he took with him thirty falcons, and his nobles followed his example.

Hawking remained a favorite pastime until the close of the seventeenth century. James I. was devoted to it. The grandfather of William Penn made his fortune by an opportune gift of "a cask of hawks" to Charles I. The king found the birds so excellent, that he commissioned Penn to bring more falcons, also some horses from abroad, granting him letters of protection for this purpose. Penn found means of embarking in a lucrative traffic on his own account, and thus laid the foundation of the fortunes of his family.

Hawks are said to be extremely long-lived. There is an account of a falcon caught at the Cape of Good Hope in 1792, which had round its neck a gold collar inscribed, "This goodlie hawk doth belong to his most excellent majestie James, King of England, A. D. 1610." There is an account of King James once losing a falcon, the bird soaring out of sight and never returning to the falconer. It was valuable enough for inquiries to be made about it, "not only all over England but also at all foreign princes' courts, the bird having marks whereby it might be known, but all inquiries proved ineffectual." If this story be true, falcons not only attained great ages but were capable of traversing enormous distances.

Hawking in the seventeenth century is frequently mentioned as an extravagant pastime by writers of the day. In "Every Man in His Humor" the spendthrift nephew exclaims, "If a man has no skill in the hawking and hunting languages nowadays, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek and Latin. He is no gallant company without them." Falconry at this era was no longer restricted to the upper classes, but was enjoyed even by "wealthy yeomen." The price of hawks would appear to have somewhat fallen, however; for letters of 1682, speak of $10 and $20 as the value of a fine "Muscovy hawk," a considerably less sum than would have been paid for the bird a couple of centuries previously. Barbary, Norway and Russia furnished the best falcons, and Milan was long celebrated for manufacturing the best bells for the birds' wearing. These were fastened to the creature's feet, and it was essential that they should not be heavy, so as to impede it in its flight. They were also required to be sweet toned—"not too shrill, but each at least one note under the other."

The post of an ancient falconer was no sinecure. A seventeenth century writer describes him as "a man of divers trades. He needs be a linguist, for he must have studied the terms of the Hawk's Dictionary. He must be barber, surgeon and apothecary before he commences to be hawk-leech; yet, though he exercises all these, his patients are not compelled to pay him. Hawks becomes his idols, his labor, his knowledge and his admiration."

Much skill and patience is required in training a bird so naturally wild, and old writers on falconry give diffuse directions regarding the means whereby the falcon could be "manned" or tamed. There were several varieties of the bird. The account books of Charles I.'s falconry establishment give a list of "goshawks," "ger-falcons," "lannerets" and "falcons," used for flying at different game. A long list of "hawks' furniture" is added, the "furniture" consisting of hoods to cover the birds' eyes when carried on the hand, "jesses" or straps, to fasten to its legs and bells for its feet. The charges for all these articles make it easy to understand why old writers rank "hawks" with "cards and dice" as causes of the ruin of many a spendthrift. Costly as it was, hawking must have been a pleasant pastime. The long rides in the fresh morning air, the excitement of the moment when the heron slowly rose from its hiding place and strove to outwit its adversary by soaring above it; the contest between the feathered enemies as each endeavored to obtain a vantage ground overhead; then the falcon's ascent and deadly swoop on its prey. Hawking was a more merciful way of taking game than shooting except by a skillful sportsman, for the falcon did not miss his aim and leave wounded birds to crawl into hedges and die in lingering misery as sometimes happens now.

New Publications.

"The Price of a Life," by Rebecca Forbes Sturgis, is a somewoat sensational sort of a story. More attention has been given to complexity of plot, incident, and liveliness of narration, than drawing of character or excellence of diction. Judged by the former it cannot but prove interesting to a large circle of readers, though it is not likely to win permanent fame. It is neatly printed and beautifully bound in blue embossed covers. Carlton & Co., Publishers, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"The Skeleton in the House" is a novel translated from the German of Friedrick Spielhagen by M. J. Safford. The plot is simple and told in a charming manner. It contains, moreover, a very good lesson both for the newly-married and others. We can commend it as pleasant reading. Price 25 cents. G. W. Harlan, Publisher, Park Place, New York.

MAGAZINES.

Westminster Review, a representative of the most advanced thought of the day, comes for the July quarter, filled with excellent articles. Among the contents are, "Characteristics of Aristotle," "Island Life," "Life of George IV.," "The Sugar Bounties Question," "The Development of Religion," "George Eliot, her Life and Writings," "India and the Colonial Empire," "Contemporary Literature," etc., etc. Received from Wm. B. Zieber & Co.

Scribner's for August is termed the midsummer holiday number, and certainly it deserves that title, for it is redolent with breeziness, beauty and literary attractiveness. There is nothing in it to be skipped over, even on a sultry day. The frontispiece is a superb copy of a painting by Ulysse Butin, "The Sailor's Wife." The articles are, "The Isle of Peace," a fascinating sketch of Newport Island; illustrated with sixteen engravings of exquisite design and finish. "By the Sea in Normandy," profusely illustrated. "Ice-Yatching on the Hudson," illustrated. "A Little World" sketches Petite Anse, one of the "Five Islands," near Bayou Teche, famed through Longfellow's verse,—spiritedly illustrated. There are other equally attractive illustrated articles. This number is also rich in fiction, which includes the first half of the new story by the author of "An Earnest Trifler," "The Daughter of Henry Sage Rittenhouse;" the first of a three-part story by Mr. Boyesen is given, with the piquant name of "Queen Titania." Dr. Holland's departments overflow with sparkle and wisdom.

The boys will think the August *Wide Awake* contrived for their especial delectation, abounding as it does in base-ball and racing stories, and water adventures, all spiritedly illustrated. "Why Those Boys Did Not Run Away," is told by Miss Plympton; "A Night with Paul Boynton," by Frank H. Taylor, and "A Boy's Race with General Grant at Ephesus," by A Naval Officer. The girls get a delicious little romance in "How Dot Played She Was Two," by Sydney Dayre. "The Lemonade Man's Story" is a capital "yarn" by James B. Marshall, accompanied by a full-page drawing by Lungren. The serials, "Sharon," "Having His Own Way," and "Polly Cologne," each have fine illustrations. The number opens with a most beautiful poem, "Saint Emily," by E. H. Frye, for which Miss Humphrey has drawn an exquisite frontispiece. James W. Riley contributes a melodious piece of verse entitled "The Land of Used-To-Be." Others contributions are "The Baby Show," "In the Black Forest," "Edith's Lesson," "The Young Enquirer," "Blue and Gold," etc., etc. Only 20 cents a number. $3.00 a year. Ella Farman, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

St. Nicholas for August contains seven short stories "From Sandy Hook to the Light-ship," illustrated. "Under a Fly-wheel," an exciting episode of factory-life, "How Miss Jenkins 'Got Out of It,'" a lively school-story,—"Mark, the Dwarf," "Cathie's Story," "A Boy on the Place," "How We Belled the Rat, and What Came of It," illustrated. There is a poem by Eva L. Ogden—"Proud Prince Charn"—engrossed and illustrated on four full pages by Alfred Brenna, in a novel and striking style. Mr. Daniel C. Beard gives full instructions concerning "Flatboating for Boys," with diagrams. The two serials, "Phaeton Rogers," and "Saltillo Boys," have long instalments, and are particularly interesting, and the contents are simply too numerous to particularly mention. Scribner & Co.

The August number of *Appleton's Journal* opens with the third part of the splendid novelette, from the French of Victor Cherbuliez, "Saints and Sinners," to be completed in two more numbers. The second paper on "French Family Life and Manners," by Karl Hillebrand, follows. The other articles are: "Authors for Hire," "Hadeau's Military History of General Grant," the second paper on "Arab Humor," treating of Wine-bibbing and Wittiesm; "A Talk about Odes," "The Wit and Humor of Lord Beaconsfield," "Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy," by A. H. Guernsey, who is evidently a believer in the full and complete veracity of Mr. Davis. The editor's table is richly spread. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A Good Baptist

clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear, but trust in Hop Bitters.

A Few of the MANY THOUSANDS of testimonials that are received at the office of the Frank Siddalls Soap are printed in this issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

These testimonials are all genuine, we having personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied.

Proving that The Frank Siddalls Soap will do everything claimed when the directions are followed, and will make the clothes clean, sweet and white without Boiling or Scalding.

And Any Statements to the Contrary are Ignorant Falsehoods or Malicious Falsehoods

A Two-Weeks' Wash Done in Two Hours, and the Authority of a Postmistress for Saying So.

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two-weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken half a day's hard labor to do by the old way. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clear and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it. Very respectfully,

L. WASHBAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 15, 1881.

Its remarkable Softening Effect on the Skin a reality.

Yazoo City, Mississippi,
July 5, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

Mrs. M. A. HARRISON,
Yazoo City, Miss.

A Most Wonderful and Labor-saving Discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss.,
June 14, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap fulfils in every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery, and I shall not hesitate to recommend it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one or more boxes. Yours respectfully,

L. RAWSON.

The Only Trouble is that the Rubbing is so Light that it Does Not Seem Like Work.

Muldoon, Miss.,
June 17, 18[illegible].

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap received and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

Mrs. A. KILMER,
Muldoon, Miss.

Not only all but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddalls will be regarded as a public benefactor.

40 Lagrange St., P. O. Box 186,
Toronto, Ont., June 8, 1881.

I have used the Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all but MORE THAN YOU CLAIMED FOR IT. As soon as your Soap is in general use you will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me of the price by the box for I must have it for my use, as I find it good for all purposes, and although when I sent for it I supposed it to be a humbug, I now most most cheerfully bear testimony to its genuineness and worth. Yours very truly,

MRS. M. W. BRANDENBURG.

The Preacher's Wife Happy and everyone who visited the Parsonage had something to say about the Nice White Clothes on the Line.

Ganse, Milam Co., Texas,
June 10, 1881.

My wife used your Soap on a large wash and is pleased at it does all you claim. Everyone who visited the Parsonage had something to say about the nice white clothes on the line, and the preacher's wife is happy. Yours truly,

JOHN A. WALLACE.

A Prejudiced Jury Decides in Favor of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Butler, Pendleton Co., [illegible]
June [illegible]

Have just put the Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it washes clothes, and no mistake. [illegible] as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

C. A. WANDFLOHR.

Wash 45 Pieces in Two Hours and Never Saw Better Washing.

Bonham, Fannin Co., Texas,
June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

We gave your Soap a trial on a large wash for six persons—about forty-five pieces, executed the whole job in two hours, and find the Soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes. Your truly,

W. E. CARNEY.

Will wash Badly-stained Articles.

May 8, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAJ. A. PETTUS,
Paraclifta, Sevier County, Ark.

She writes that it is hard to go back to the old way.

Murdock, Douglass Co., [illegible]

Sir: I found your Soap to be [illegible] for it saves more than half the [illegible] back to the old way of washing. Please let me know how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRACHT.

Charmed with its Wonderful Work.

St. Joseph, Louisiana,

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more and the price by the box.

MISS. H. NICHOLS.

The Dirt all Came Out with the Soap.

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sir—We have followed your directions and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the Soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

This lady says: "A person don't know how Easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."

[illegible], Nebraska,
June 9, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Tried your soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it has all that is claimed for it, and the clothes came off the line cleaner and whiter than the old way of washing makes them. A person don't know how easy a washing is until they try Frank Siddalls way of washing; it does away with all [illegible].

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, for I expect to use no other. Respectfully [illegible].

God Bless the Inventor of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Roseburgh, Tioga Co., Penna.,
June 15, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you claim it to be. God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap! Very respectfully,

[illegible] MORRELL.

It Surpasses all Other Soaps, and the Labor in Washing is not Half What it is the Old Way.

Bennet, Nebraska,
June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir—After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap it gives me great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have seen used. The labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully,

SALOME WILSON.

A Voice from the Far West from a Large Co-Operative Concern.

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-Operative Concern. We have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah County, Utah.
June 29, 1881.

Can be Termed the Housekeepers' Relief.

Have used your Soap according to the directions and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing, and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeepers' Relief," for the old wash-day is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

MISS. J. B. LITTLE,
Mechanicsville,
Rockingham County, Va.
June 20, 1881.

Must Prove a Great Boon to the Human Family.

North Haverhill, New Hampshire,
June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir—The Soap you sent me has been tried, and the result for clothes, shaving and other purposes has proved satisfactory. I think its general use must prove a great boon to the human family.

Respectfully yours,
E. EASTMAN.

Makes Flannels as Soft as New.

Horseheads,
Steuben County, N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equaling it, for they were very stiff and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white as soft as new.

[illegible]

From Ottumwa, Kansas.

Sir—I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY THEVAR,
Ottumwa, [illegible] County, Kansas.
June 11, 1881.

Monticello, Minnesota,
June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir—The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the prices by the box.

[illegible] HAEFLICH.

A Reverend Gentleman and his Family Perfectly Astonished.

Sullivan, Illinois
June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir—The cake of Soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix, 3 for a full description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours [illegible]

REV. [illegible] GALLENER.

A Heartfelt Tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Dear Sir—There are not words in the English language to express my gratitude at the result of a trial of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our grocerymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself, and to supply my friends; please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH,
Deposit, Broome County, N. Y.
July 5, 1881.

From a Philadelphia Grocer, and showing that a Sensible Washerwoman Recommends it.

41st St. and Hazel Ave., West Phila.,
June 7, 1881.

Dear Sir—We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our washwoman uses it just as directed and has no trouble in washing; and we sell a great deal through her recommendation.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

The Happiest Wash-day in 37 Years.

Dear Sir—My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say—Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day; no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price per box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. STEPHENS,
Lafayette, Indiana, Trinity M. E. Church.
June 22, 1881.

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

The Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. Say in your Letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes. In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents, 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and all sent you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. *The same Soap is used for all purposes; but if not to be used on the family wash,* ***30*** *cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.*

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes.

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use *very* warm water. *This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know that Soap that is *beneficial* to the skin cannot possibly Injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

If too set in old ways to promise to try the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls way of using it, DON'T SEND FOR IT. The Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels are to be washed the same way as the White Pieces.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes; Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled places. Then roll up the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way*—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: After standing the full time, commence *by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out.* Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more Soap and *dont wash through two suds*, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

☞ *Next comes the rinsing.* Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any Soap *until all the dirty suds are out.* [Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

☞ *Next comes the blue water.* [Use scarcely any bluing.] *Stir a piece of Soap in the blue water until the water is decidedly soapy;* put the clothes through this soapy blue-water and *out on the line without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. *Dont put clothes to soak over night;* it makes them harder to wash, and is not a clean way. *Dont try on part of the wash;* try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. *Dont use Soda or Borax.* The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

Read the Offer Carefully, for the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to follow the directions, and gentlemen are earnestly requested not to send for any until their families have agreed to honorably comply with every little direction.

Address all letters, Office FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philada.

Our Young Folks.

THE TENNIS PARTY.

BY PIPKIN.

MASTER MERRYCHIRP, the cricket, sat among the ashes of a deserted hearth in a spacious mansion, and he was very lonely indeed.

The family who generally occupied the house had gone out of town to some country residence, and before they left had given their premises such a fumigation with burned potatoes and snuff that of all the army of crickets who formerly shouted in the [illegible] chorus to the [illegible] had escaped the general slaughter, and the poor deserted wight, felt his sad condition very keenly.

"Dear me!" chirped our hero mournfully. "What shall I do? I cannot stay here by myself, and I don't know where to go! Ah! a happy thought strikes me: suppose I were to go out of town also, and pay a visit to some of my country friends. I really think I will."

And as he spoke he made one leap out of the ashes on to the kitchen floor, and then hopped merrily across it and under the area door.

Then he flew up the steps and out into the street, and by great good fortune happening to pass the entrance to a yard, and being attracted by a loud noise of talking, he sauntered in, and jumping into an empty cart, remained there in security.

This, as it happened, was about the best thing he could have done, for the conveyance belonged to a market gardener, who at daybreak next morning harnessed his horse and set off to his country abode, conveying a passenger he little dreamed of, even our friend, who never left his pleasant carriage until green fields were around him, and the sights and sounds of the country had long taken the place of the noises and dirt of the city.

It was certainly rather bold and venturesome of Merrychirp to wander so far from home without any particular object in view; but he was a "happy-go-lucky" kind of a fellow, and generally managed to fall upon his feet as he had done in this instance; for a very short time after he had made his descent from the cart he met a lovely green grasshopper, whom he immediately recognized as a cousin of his own, and as the two saluted each other, readily accepted his proposals of friendship, and took him home on a visit to [illegible] and her husband, who, far from liking the [illegible] of the [illegible] welcomed him.

Mr. and Mrs. Gryllus were greatly amused with their black visitor, though at first they were afraid of his sooty-colored [illegible] soiling their nice clean house; but when it was discovered that the dark hue did not rub off, and that Merrychirp could converse with them about all kinds of things they had never of before, their respect for him rose immensely, and Mrs. Gryllus said one morning to her husband:

"My dear, we must give a lawn tennis party, and introduce our cousin to all the neighbors."

"A lawn tennis party!" gasped her companion, after a moment. "That is nonsense. What is 'lawn tennis?' where are the bats and balls? and how are we to do the proper?" "Ah, my dear," [illegible] "you leave all that to me, and I will manage it. Merrychirp and I will see to that, and I know [illegible] will make splendid balls; that is the part of the trouble you must take, Skipjack. Mind you have a good heap of them ready for us on the day after to-morrow."

"Who are you going to invite?" demanded Mr. Gryllus, who, seeing that his wife was determined on having her own way, thought he would indulge her for once, and let her see which was the wiser.

"Oh, the Spiders, as I said before, and Mr. and Miss Wasp."

"Disagreeable [illegible] things!" muttered Skipjack.

"But clever," proceeded his lady; "they would play well, I should think. Then we must have Mr. and Mrs. Cockchafer, some of the Boon and the Beetles, and perhaps the Earwigs. Just leave everything to me and I will manage it properly."

"Very well, my dear, we shall see," repeated Skipjack, inwardly chuckling at his partner's folly.

Poor Mrs. Gryllus, she certainly worked very hard for the next two days. She collected cobwebs and spread them on roads, [illegible] and grass.

She sent out [illegible] invitations to dine under the shade of [illegible], and decked and lighted them with different kinds of refreshment.

It was peculiar enough to provide for the very different tastes and appetites of her friends, but Mrs. Gryllus generously sent a present of a good ball of honey for the great occasion.

There were dishes of sliced apples and chopped [illegible] for the carnivorous grasshoppers, [illegible] bits, and of various kinds of small flies, and [illegible] for the insects' mouths water.

So everything went off well, and when the hour for assembling approached, Merrychirp adorned himself in the most approved fashion, and with Mr. and Mrs. Gryllus prepared to receive the expected guests, nearly all of whom had accepted the invitation with thanks.

First came Mr. and Mrs. Cockchafer, seated in [illegible] which was drawn by a pair of "coach-horse," fast in their movements, but certainly not pleasing-looking.

Mr. and Miss Wasp now appeared, riding bicycles, which they fearlessly whirled along. They were both dressed in yellow and black, and looked remarkably dashing.

The Dragon-flies and Bees used their own wings for progression, and the Beetles and Ladybirds, who lived close by, walked in some time after the others assembled, as they wished to be fashionable.

Mr. and Mrs. Gryllus received their guests with bows and smiles of welcome, and introduced their visitor to each in turn. Merrychirp's affections were at once engaged by a charming young Ladybird who was only just out, and who, attired in a splendid scarlet dress turned up with black, was decidedly the most elegant figure present.

The hostess, with some trepidation, led the way to her tennis ground, followed by the mixed assembly, and proceeded to arrange a game. This passed off pleasantly enough with Miss Wasp, Mr. Ladybird, and Mr. Wasp and Miss Spider as partners.

Next came the most important thing—the feast.

The guests were placed comfortably in different attitudes. The Ladybirds and small creatures had a very low table suited to their height, though the arrangement did not appear to satisfy them, as they were sure the viands above their heads, which they could not see, must be much nicer than their own; and their feelings were hurt by Miss Demoiselle Dragonfly's holding a confection of minced gnats before their noses, and asking in an insulting tone whether the dish was not composed of "a man and a brother" of their.

Though they stoutly denied any relationship, it was hard, decidedly hard, and they felt greatly inclined to give the young lady's brilliant tail a sly pinch to teach her manners and make her behave better.

While this was going on down below matters were not progressing much more pleasantly in the upper circles. Mr. Wasp, like a [illegible] he was, had determined to appropriate all the honey to his own share; but he did not wish to get a character for greediness, and therefore under the pretence Miss Spider (to whom he had been paying great attention) wanted it, he drew the luscious dainty to his own side of the table, and would most likely have succeeded in his device had not Mr. Bumble Bee just then disentangled himself from the net and made his appearance at the festive board.

"Hullo, Wasp!" he roared, "drop that honey. Share and share alike is my motto."

"Pardon me," replied the other, with a low bow, meant to conceal the glance of hatred that shot from his snake-like eyes, "there is a lady in the question. I am helping Miss Spider."

"Begone with your nonsense," buzzed the Bee. "Miss Spider would much sooner have that roasted fly just opposite her. Send me that honey, and make no more false excuses."

"You forget, indeed you forget, that you are not [illegible] table," hissed Mr. Wasp, as he conveyed the best part of the dish in question to his own plate, and waved a white handkerchief deprecatingly in the direction of his opponent.

But Mr. Bee had no idea of submitting quietly to being both cheated and made a "bad fellow" of; so he flew straight at Mr. Wasp, in spite of the shrieks of the ladies and the expostulations of His host, and knocking his tormentor right [illegible] middle of the table, he proceeded to chastise him soundly, while the other writhed his little body about in his vain efforts to sting.

Plates, dishes, and cups flew hither and thither in wild confusion, [illegible] and [illegible] became perfectly [illegible] Miss Spider rushed to the assistance of her admirer, shrieking to Mr. Bee—the *mêlée* became general; tables at length yielded to the unwonted pressure put upon them, and turned over, and most of the guests, seeing that there was no hope of any further refreshment, and that they had got into rather a [illegible] took "French leave" of their host and hostess and disappeared.

Poor Mrs. Gryllus was nearly crying; her husband saw her mortification but forbore to triumph over her, or say, "I told you so," and as was rewarded, for after the [illegible] had remained silent for a long time that evening, she suddenly cried—

"You were right, and I was wrong; I will take your advice next time."

"It is [illegible] you to say so, for I know you feel [illegible] about it," answered he, affectionately.

"I assure you, cousin, that I enjoyed myself immensely," added Merrychirp eagerly. "Meeting so many new characters was very amusing; but I fear I must soon take leave of your hospitable house," he added with a [illegible] sigh, "the nights are getting so cold. I know I should soon die without my coal-fire."

As Mr. and Mrs. Gryllus quite agreed in the good old maxim of "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," they did not try to detain their visitor, and when they found that he really wished to leave them, did not [illegible] to [illegible] Merrychirp was [illegible] at [illegible] quarters.

CHRIST CANNOT [illegible] sorrow in a world [illegible], nor [illegible] pitied [illegible] tyranny, [illegible] origin, [illegible] response to the creed and reiterated expressions of reverence for the name of Christ, but in the spirit of filial trust in God, and ardent, impartial, overflowing love to man.

As to a little trouble who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns? Who would win, must learn to bear.

ONE THOUSAND CROWNS.

BY LORD BY CHAMBERS

ONE morning in crisp autumn, while tarrying at Aix la Chapelle, Joseph II. arose very early, and donning the garb of a common mountaineer, in which he loved to roam abroad, when seeking quiet and repose—thus attired, with staff in hand, he set forth to view the outskirts of the town; and finding the gates open, he went beyond the wall.

Not far from the ramparts he came upon a coffee-house, and feeling that a cup of warm drink would be pleasant, he entered.

At the bar or counter stood several waiters, apparently just ready to commence their labors of the day, and of them the new comer politely asked if he could be served to a cup of coffee.

A surly "No!" was the answer.

He then asked if he could have a cup of chocolate, and was answered by the landlord—

"No! we don't make chocolate at this hour of the day."

"You'll find it over at old Margy Esau," volunteered another of the insolent crew.

But plainly dressed man went out, and upon looking round, he very soon discovered another public-house—smaller and less pretentious,—at a short distance from the city wall, and on the opposite side of the way. So he went over, and entered this [illegible].

An elderly woman was at work at a table, where a large urn was steaming over a spirit lamp; and as the guest seated himself at one of the small tables he was waited upon by a pretty, modest-looking girl, of not more than seventeen or eighteen summers, who pleasantly asked him what he would be pleased to order.

"Can you let me have a cup of chocolate?"

"Instantly, good sir. Will you eat with it?"

Not now. He would have the chocolate first; and very soon the girl brought the steaming beverage, in a pure white bowl, with sweet new cream in a tiny porcelain jug and a dish of sugar.

"You are early astir, my good woman," said the visitor, as she placed the wooden salver on the table, and lifted off the dishes.

"Ay, fair sir," she responded cheerfully. "We who would serve people that hunger and thirst must needs accommodate ourselves to the wishes to those who are pleased to patronize us."

By and by, when the chance visitors had finished his draught, and the woman had come to take her pay, he made a motion for her to take the seat on the opposite side of the table. She gave a searching look into his face, and having met his frank, ingenuous gaze, she sat down, like one who sits with confidence.

The man's first remark was upon the young girl who had first spoken with him—she who now busied herself at the urn. He spoke of her beauty and her modesty, and her seeming intelligence, and then asked if the damsel was her daughter.

The woman's eyes were moist as she answered, "She is my daughter, sir—my only child. Her father was taken from us when she was but an infant. He was a soldier, sir, and fell in Bohemia, shot down at the head of his column. But I don't complain. He was a good man, and his memory is sacred to us. His death was honorable; for he was fighting for the good Queen, Maria Theresa; and her cause was just."

The man looked down into his cup for a little time, and then again at the woman.

"I am surprised that so pretty a girl, and so good, has not been taken away from you ere this by a husband."

"Ah, sir," the woman replied, with a shake of the head, "she might have been married long ago had I been willing to listen to lovers' pleas. One of the very best young men of Aix is in love with her, and would marry her to-day if his father would consent, and if I would say yes."

"What! Can any sane man object to that girl as a wife for his son?" cried the guest, in indignant surprise.

"Oh, no, no, sir!—not that," answered the woman, quickly. "Martin's father loves the dear girl; but he is a clear-headed, calculating man, and he says if the pair are to be happy in married life, the wife must come with her share of the needs that make a home. When Theresa can command one thousand crowns that are hers, they will be married. And we are earning them, sir. We work early and late. In another year, I trust—Ah! yes, sir!"

Another customer had come in, to whom the woman went to take his order; and as she came back, the first customer spoke, and asked her to bring him a pen and an ink-horn.

They were speedily brought by the girl, and as she set the glass stand upon the table Joseph bade her sit where her mother had been sitting.

"I am going to write something which I wish you to have especial charge of," he said.

She sat down, and he drew from an inner breast pocket a large pocket-book, from which he took a sheet, which bore upon one upper corner, a curiously [illegible] seal, and upon this he wrote; and when he had written, he asked the girl to bring him a stick of sealing-wax, a stick of red wax, and a lighted taper, all of which she did.

Then he took from the sheet the paper upon which he had written, and with the ornamented seal on the corner and [illegible] of the paper which the girl had brought to him, he [illegible] the written sheet within, and then sealed it up with the wax, impressing it with the [illegible] of an engraved cornelian, which he wore upon his left hand.

One thing more remained, and that was to address the packet thus folded and sealed.

And he directed it to Isaac Solomons, of Aix la Chapelle, by the hand of Theresa Esau.

"Do you know where to find that man?" he asked the girl, as he gave into her hand the missive.

She looked at him in surprise.

"Why, he is the rich Jew—the banker of Aix."

"Certainly. And now mark me, at the stroke of eleven, this forenoon, you will hand that packet to old Isaac. It is an errand I wish you to do for me. Will you do it?"

"I will do it, sir, with pleasure; because your face looks good; and I do not believe you could ask me to do a thing that would either do me harm, or give me discomfort."

"You are right, Theresa. Heaven keep you!"

After the man had gone, both Madame Esau and her daughter looked wonderingly at the packet, but they did not borrow one bit of trouble. They were a little surprised that the man had not offered the girl a few pennies for her labor of travel; but they did not complain.

When it wanted twenty minutes of eleven Theresa was ready to set forth for the town. She had been gone almost an hour when the man who kept the place on the opposite side of the way came in and wished to know if the clown who came there so early in the morning had been furnished by her with what he wished.

"Indeed, sir, and he was far from being a clown. No, no, he was a gentleman, and an educated gentleman, too."

"Pshaw!" And then the surly publican told how he had turned the same man away from his place. In truth, the fellow was ashamed of the manner in which he had treated the humble wayfarer, and he had come over to learn if he had made any report of said treatment to Madame. He had just told of the abrupt way in which he had sent the stranger off, and was trying to laugh at it as a good joke, when Theresa came in. Her eyes were big, and her face was a picture of wonder and blank amazement.

"My child! what has happened?"

"Oh! mamma! mamma! you never can guess! It does not seem possible! Oh! see here! Look! Lift it!" And she took from beneath her mantle a stout leather bag and laid it upon the counter, and the sound as it fell, was the sort of [illegible] ring of [illegible] gold, but [illegible] of silver—but, as Karl Koppitz [illegible] on the way, [illegible] quickly detected the sharp jingle of [illegible] Ay—and the weight, too, told it to be so!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Theresa. "And he was there—he came there after old Isaac had given me the money. There are a thousand crowns—a thousand crowns in gold!—all—all mine! That paper was the order for it. And he was there! Oh, Heaven bless him! He kissed me on the forehead and asked Providence to be good to me!"

"What!—the man that came for chocolate this morning?" gasped Karl Koppitz.

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, well," whispered the good dame, breathlessly, "who was it?"

"Oh, can't you guess? Who should pour out gold like this? Who but the Emperor? And it was our good Emperor himself!"

We will only add that the wedding of Theresa and her lover was hastened in order that the Emperor might be present; and to this day there is a family of Esau in Aix—I know Martin, of that ilk, who hold in reverential memory that bit of history which tells them that the marriage of their ancestor, in the time of Joseph II., the Emperor himself gave away the bride.

And there is a companion legend, handed down from the same time, telling how a certain publican, named Karl Koppitz, died of a broken heart because of a [illegible] which he had put upon a beloved monarch who had visited his hostel incognito!

THE CAST OF CONSCIENCE.—Once upon a time, the French Academy of Arts owing to favoritism and cabalting, defrauded a promising student of the [illegible] his [illegible] degree of painting, to the [illegible] of his [illegible] This same [illegible] student as an assistant for him, Falconet, at whatever terms he pleased. The good natured philosopher ran off to show this to one of the honester members of the Academy who had deplored, though he had not dared to prevent, the injustice. Thereupon the pious man lifted up his hands, and exclaimed gratefully, "Providence! Providence!" Diderot was not a pious man, but on this occasion he showed himself perhaps the better Christian of the two. "Is it what you believe," said he [illegible] "that Providence is made to repair your [illegible]" It is to be feared that a very large [illegible] of persons do entertain precisely this idea of the nature and function of Providence.

ABOUT a thousand Hindoo children are attending the American Sunday schools in Lucknow, India. These schools were first introduced by Mr. Craven, a young American of great enterprise. At first the [illegible] missionaries looked with great disfavor on [illegible] Sabbath Work, as they [illegible] Sunday schools for the Hindoos will be [illegible] children were [illegible] to [illegible] opposed to [illegible] Yet [illegible] Well so, [illegible] agents of the truth were taught how [illegible] to establish it [illegible] the [illegible] of their depressed, [illegible] Sunday-school work obtained a secure [illegible] in [illegible] heathendom.

Grains of Gold.

Success is duty, whether duty is success or not.

Life is always interesting when you have a purpose, and live in its fulfilment.

Hypocrisy is a hard game to play at, for it is one deceiver against many observers.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

To act upon a determination made in anger is like embarking on a vessel during a storm.

Every man is rich or poor according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments.

The nearest approach to a brute that man can make is to become a mere creature of appetite—a feeder, a toper.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self loved, is to be cheerful. Joy softens more hearts than tears.

Selfishness, though refined, is still but selfishness, and refinement ought never to interfere with doing good in the world as it exists.

A blemish may be taken out of a diamond by careful polishing; but if your words leave the least blemish, there is no way to efface it.

It is quite wonderful how many things there are in the world which you do not want, if you can only make yourself think so.

Beyond all credulity is the credulousness of atheists, who believe that chance could make the world, when it cannot build a house.

Censure is most effectual when mixed with praise. So, when a fault is discovered it is well to look up a virtue to bear it company.

Before you scold be sure that you are right yourself. He that attempts to cleanse a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blur.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and a happy purchase.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to bed with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence.

God demands an account of the past; that we must render hereafter. He demands an improvement of the present, and this we must render now.

Self-love is a medium of a peculiar kind: it magnifies everything which is amiss in others, at the same time that it lessens everything amiss in ourselves.

When you find an unkind feeling toward another person rising in your heart, that is the time not to speak to a fellow-being, but talk to God in prayer.

Sincerity is like traveling in plain beaten roads, which commonly bring a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.

A scant breakfast in the morning of life wheets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words.

The character of a wise man consists in three things—to do himself what he tells others to do, to never act contrary to justice, and to bear with the weaknesses of those about him.

The wish falls often warm upon my heart that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.

Nothing is so good or so wholesome as the simple truth; and he who helps us to find out a single real thing about ourselves, does us a far greater service than he could by indiscriminately undervaluing us.

An elevated purpose is a good and ennobling thing, but we cannot begin at the top of it. We must work up to it by the often difficult path of daily duty—of daily duty always very carefully performed.

Inconsiderate bluntness, roughness of speech and manners, are sure, sooner or later, to react on those who habitually practice them, for they possess more than any other faculty the knack of making enemies.

Every one who is trying to lead a good life should also try to lead a winsome and courteous one. By abandoning gentleness of disposition and graciousness of word and deed, he throws away a means of growth and an effective weapon.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used.

The Christian is a man in the world. The difference between him and the man of the world must not be in a sharp separation of all their occupations. It must be in the different ways in which they hold their worldly things.

Faithfulness and constancy mean something else besides doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us—whatever would cause misery to those whom the courses of our lives has made dependent on us.

Wherever there is fickleness you may say with truth to him who is characterized by it, "Thou shalt not excel." The man who is continually changing his occupation, or constantly moving from one situation to another, fails to better himself in anything, and lives only to illustrate the proverb about the "rolling-stone."

"How Well You Are Looking!"

"Everyone I meet says, 'How well you are looking!' Well them it is the Compound Oxygen rebuilding me. . . . I can hardly believe myself to be the miserable little woman I once was." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN 609 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Wrinkles are not so ugly as bad nature.

Good women are married over again at their daughters' wedding.

California has two horse thieves, girls, aged fourteen and seventeen.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

No woman ever truthfully said she did not care whether she was pretty or not.

They have invented a kind of bicycle which a girl wearing a long dress can ride.

No lady with any refinement will use her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive nails in the wall.

It is said that the daughter of Bonanza Mackey has already received one hundred offers of marriage.

We are expected to believe that London's West End shopkeepers now require their girls to dress in black satin.

Things one would rather leave unsaid. Jinks—"A—have I had the—a—pleasure of saying good-bye to you, Miss Mary?"

Out of the eleven authors whose writings are shut out of the Boston Public Library on account of immorality eight are women.

An apple pie exploded in a farm-house in Missouri the other day, and put out a woman's eye and burned most of the hair off a baby's head.

Beauty is not everything. A pretty face and an amiable manner may win a husband, but something more is necessary to retain his admiration.

Servant girl asks: "Who first found out that kerosene is good to light a fire with?" Nobody, and if you don't let up you'll find out that it isn't.

One of the choicest fans in the world is one that belonged to a French woman of the past. It is made of lace, was nine years in making, and cost $30,000.

When washing fine laces, do not use starch at all; in the last water in which they are rinsed put a little fine white sugar, dissolve it thoroughly and the result will be pleasing.

A Jersey City woman read "Paradise Lost" and two or three other standard works to her husband aloud in a single winter while he was shaving, that being the only available time.

A Kentucky girl of shifting affections said yes to two men, and allowed both to obtain marriage certificates. They met at her house on the appointed day, and she made a final choice between them.

There can hardly be a more mistaken kindness—in reality, a greater cruelty—on the part of a mother toward a daughter than for her to relieve the daughter from all active participation in household duties.

There are five women to every man in a certain Massachusetts town, and a fellow who started to open an ice-cream saloon not long ago was waited on by a deputation of desperate men, who persuaded him to leave.

"Rosalind" wrote to an editor asking "how to fire a plaque." The hard-hearted wretch replied that if the plaque was like a great many he had seen the quickest and cheapest plan would be to "fire" it out of the window.

A young lady admitted to her mother that her beau had kissed her on the cheek. "And what did you do?" inquired the old lady in a tone of indignation. "Mother," replied the young lady, "I cannot tell a lie; I turned the other cheek."

"Just one," murmured he, involuntarily drawing closer to the luscious lips. "So I notice," replied she coolly, glancing at the clock on the mantel, "and time for you to turn up your overcoat-collar, and shut the street door from the outside, Adolphus."

A man is usually very deaf at six o'clock in the morning when his wife calls him to get up and light the fire, but when she gets up, murmurs that the poor man is tired out, and goes downstairs, he can hear the gentlest call up two pairs of stairs, "Breakfast is ready."

Chicago is now going into training-schools for cookery on a grand scale. They are nice places for ladies to drop into and pinch dough and eat raisins, and imagine that they can go right home and cook a beefsteak. One old grandmother is worth twenty such schools.

Princess Stephanie, recently married to the Crown Prince of Austria, has a brief and charming name, but the etiquette of the German Court has forced her to accept this description of herself: "Her Royal and Imperial Highness, the Most Serene Frau Crown Princess Archduchess Stephanie."

An old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said: "Come, come, my dears, that sort of an accomplishment will not help you in getting husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded one of the girls, as she gave a lunge, "but it will help to keep our husbands in order when we have got 'em."

A scoundrel of Paris has been calling upon unmarried ladies who have passed thirty, and, after referring them to his aunt, has made love and repeated his calls. Meanwhile he has stolen what he could find, and the ladies, fearing ridicule, have not complained, until one more plucky than the rest now hands the rascal over to the police.

Boston fashion and society writers are developing a ferocious and sanguinary disposition which is unaccountable. One of these scribes, lately discussing the question as to what shall be done with the modern girl, concludes with this appalling suggestion: "The fact is, there are too many girls. They ought to be drowned like superfluous kittens, and then those that are left would be appreciated, and not expected to eat the river on fire."

The other day, some kind-hearted ladies, who have been caring for a poor sick widow, on making their usual daily visit took with them a wood-seat rocking-chair that was thought would aid in making the old lady comfortable when she could sit up. "See," said one of the ladies, "see, Aunty Brown, see what the good Lord has sent you." The old lady turned over, gave one look at the chair and remarked, "Yes, I see; but he hasn't sent me any cushions."

News Notes.

Mr. Tilden's income is $1,500 a day.

Pearl belt-buckles are restored to favor.

The depth of the sea is from four to five miles.

Stylish bracelets are simply a cord of gold or silver.

A quart of turtle-soup in London costs five dollars.

The census of Canada shows a total population of 4,351,000.

An Erie young man has been turned out of church for dancing.

General Grant's present income cannot be far from $50,000 a year.

Fifteen ostrich tips adorn stylish hats of rough-and-ready straw.

A New York judge recently disposed of 105 cases in 108 minutes.

It is estimated that 70,000 Americans are now traveling in Europe.

Alum dissolved in water will kill bed-bugs if applied where it is most needed.

A Paris doctor is said to have been paid $10,000 for a consultation in St. Petersburg.

Every year there is an increase in the quantity of American cheese sent to Europe.

Education in Massachusetts now costs $13.53 per child, against $4.81 thirty years ago.

A Mississippi paper speaks of a man lately hanged there, as "a trap-door angel."

An expert rider can go a mile in two minutes and forty-seven seconds on the bicycle.

King Alfonso of Spain has given the Jews permission to return to that country in any numbers.

The American Bible Society, since its formation, 81 years ago, has issued 33,852,628 copies of the Bible.

At present there are more than six hundred thousand lives insured in the United States alone.

Dresses, gloves, stockings and handkerchiefs have been made of spider's web in Brazil and Spain.

A young woman, while bathing in a creek in Schuylkill county, was severely bitten in the ear by a turtle.

"I die," wrote an Iowa man, who shot himself, "because I am tired of hearing my wife scold the children."

The King of Siam has sent a stone from the royal quarries as a contribution to the Washington monument.

In the recent very hot weather a ton of ice daily kept the temperature of the House of Commons down to 75°.

The sheet on which President Lincoln lay when he died is in possession of a citizen of Bedford county, this State.

Parsley eaten with vinegar will remove the unpleasant effects of eating onions; so will a pinch of green tea.

With a view to the efficiency of the volunteers a London paper suggests marching matches as well as shooting matches.

An Ohio woman owed her hired man $320. She married him to square the account, and then for $50 got a divorce, thus saving $270.

While a Knoxville lawyer was looking for his wife, who was in the depot somewhere, the train went off, carrying with it his baby.

When the Emperor of China travels in public he is surrounded by a hundred men, dressed just like him, so that his identity cannot be discovered.

The polo quadrille, just introduced at the watering places, is much like the old basket quadrille, and the feature is a very rapid all hands round.

A Pottsville justice of the peace is threatened with prosecution for having performed the marriage ceremony for a woman who has three husbands living.

An old man, worth $100,000, who is stopping at Saratoga for his health, peddles whisk-brooms to pay his expenses. It was in that trade he made his fortune.

Virginia farmers in the neighborhood of battle-fields are still able to gather up enough old gun barrels to supply their blacksmiths with horse-shoe iron.

When the wash-boiler is put on the stove take off the griddles only; the other part will help to sustain the weight of the clothes, and the boiler-bottom will last a long time.

An Ohio postmaster was just on the point of printing a few hundred postal cards from plates of his own making, when he was arrested and convicted of forging money orders.

The Emperor Francis Joseph lately received a suit of clothes—hunting-jacket, vest and trousers—made from wool which was growing on the sheep's back eleven hours before.

It is reported that 30,000 pieces of baggage were lost or stolen in England last year, and that in consequence leading English railroads are considering the merits of the American baggage-check.

Proof Everywhere.

If any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them, they can find cases exactly like their own, in their own neighborhood, with proof positive that they can be easily and permanently cured, at a trifling cost—or ask your druggist or physician.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1880.

HOP BITTERS CO.—SIRS: I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me.

LEROY BREWER.

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With Thirty Changes of Positions.

READING POSITION.

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HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

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Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

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"False and True."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra."

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and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

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AUTOMATIC CABINET—PLAY ANY TUNE.

ORGANS and $5.

Music, 4c. per foot. Illustrated Catalogue free.

THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE STOREKEEPER'S LAMENT.

She stood before the counter—
The day he'll ne'er forget;
She thought the muslin dearer
Than any she'd seen yet.
He watched her playful fingers
The silk and satin toss:
The shopman looked uneasy,
And felt a little cross.

"Show me some velvet ribbon,
Barege, and satin lace,"
She said, "I want to purchase!"
Then gave the goods a jerk.
The shopman, all obedience,
Brought satins, silks and crape:
At length, with hesitation,
She bought a yard of tape!

Humorous.

A seedy occupation—The florists'.

Nautical—Boatmen are apt to be crafty.

Makes it hot for him—The barkeeper, when requested.

A worn-out parent has named his first baby Macbeth because he has "murdered sleep."

Before criticizing a hotel-clerk, remember that it is his business to form an opinion of you.

When a locomotive rounds a curve, does it effect the engineer's character as a straightforward man?

A cat is popularly supposed to be fond of her offspring. A popular delusion! She is constantly licking them.

"A true American," says a contemporary, "is too proud to beg, and too honest to steal." He gets things on tick.

If a widow and a widower were being united in matrimony, what process would they be undergoing? Repairing.

Leadville people are extremely fastidious. A few weeks ago a vigilance committee refused to hang a thief until he had put on a clean shirt.

Shut up—"You're very bald, sir. Have you tried our tonic lotion?" "Oh, yes; but that's not what's made all my hair fall off."

Said a school-teacher, "If I have ten apples, and give you five and your big brother five, what will be left?" "I'll be left," responded the younger brother, "for he will get away with all of 'em."

They'll carry you to Chicago for $3, but it costs $21 to get back. Still, it is worth seven times as much to get away from Chicago as it is to get there.

A Cheyenne brave is never so happy as when he has a string of old tomato-cans around his neck, and is having a war-dance, 'or can-can, as it were.

The correspondent who wants to know who are the æsthetics, is informed that they are the idiots who haven't as yet been committed to an asylum.

Severe—Frugal landlady of boarding-house: "Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown?" Hearty boarder: "Well, perhaps. If I don't feel hungry."

Two thousand doctors propose to meet together and discuss medical subjects. The benefits that will result from this cannot be fully estimated. While the doctors are in convention everybody will get well.

Why is it that when a pedestrian is drenched by a basin of water from a fourth-story window he always wants to whip somebody who lives on the first floor?

Being asked how he liked the performance of a certain dramatic club, an auditor replied that he should "hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of 'sticks.'"

It could be nothing less than pure genius—the highest regard for the eternal fitness of things—that led the bill-poster to paste that "Notice to Milk Dealers" on the pump.

The advice to one who had been kicked, and did not care to call the kicker out, though he deprecated a recurrence of the outrage, was, "Sit down whenever you see him."

The editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

Mrs. Partington has been reading the health officer's weekly report, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since so many die of it as all the rest put together.

"The most quiet place I know," said Josiah, "is in Mississippi; there's no quarrel or rowdyism, nor fighting in the streets. If a gentleman insults another he's quietly shot down, and that is the last of it."

"Your meal is ready, sir," said a waiter to Hayseed, just from the rural districts. "Meal?" exclaimed Hayseed, contemptuously, "do you think I'm a hoss? Get me some corn-beef and cabbage, young man."

"If you find a locomotive rushing at you," says a Virginia philosopher, "spring into the air and come down on the cow-catcher." That's good "spring" advice, but our midsummer plan would be to step off the track.

A schoolmistress asked one of her pupils, "What do you see above your head when you walk in the open air?" "The sky," answered the little girl. "But what do you see there in rainy weather?" "An umbrella," was the prompt reply.

A newly-acquired habit: "Look heah, Uncle Mose, you fooled me wid dat hoss I buyed from yer last week. He just drapt dead in his tracks." "He nebber drapt dead in his tracks or anywhere else as long as I had him, goin' on twenty year."

Smith, who went into amateur farming this year, says he planted his bean-poles two months ago, and has watered them regularly, but for all that they haven't grown an inch, and show not the faintest sign of blossoming yet. He begins to fear they will bear no beans this year.

Kidney Diseases.

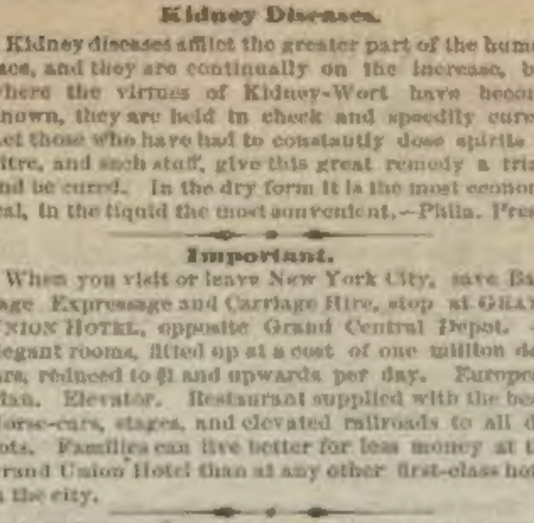
Kidney diseases afflict the greater part of the human race, and they are continually on the increase, but where the virtues of Kidney-Wort have become known, they are held in check and speedily cured. Let those who have had to constantly dose spirits of nitre, and such stuff, give this great remedy a trial, and be cured. In the dry form it is the most economical, in the liquid the most convenient.—Phila. Press.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 550 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Malaria is an Unseen Vaporous

Poison, spreading disease and death in many localities, for which quinine is no genuine antidote, but for the effects of which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is not only a thorough remedy, but a reliable preventive. To this fact there is an overwhelming array of testimony, extending over a period of thirty years. All disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels are also conquered by the Bitters.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene R. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John R. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Coto of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, BURLINGTON, VT.

(Will send the dry post-paid.)

Fac-Similes of U. S. Treasury

—AND—

NATIONAL BANK BILLS.

CONSISTING of nine exact imitations of United States Treasury Notes, and nine of National Bank Bills, 18 in all, of various denominations. As a rare and instantaneous means of detecting counterfeit money they are invaluable. Price, $2 a package.

L. A. MAYHAW & CO.,
P. O. Box 1201. New York City.
Name this paper.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 30 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

AGENTS WE WANT YOU | EVERYWHERE. $5.00 to $10 per day. Circulars on application. PAGE MANUFACTURING CO., Cleveland, O.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

$10.60 for 40c. Send the addresses of 10 of your acquaintances and 40 cents for goods by mail that retail for $10.60. This is an honest offer. If you want a fortune don't let it slip. Address, D. J. HENRY, Box 127, Buffalo, N. Y.

VIGOR REGAINED. Confident that we have the most wonderful restorative ever found for all Weaknesses, we will send a sample free on receipt of 10 cts. for postage. Address, S. M. Co., Box 320 Buffalo, N. Y.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 31 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

50 Cards, Chromo, motto roses, etc., all new style, name on 10c. Sample 10c. G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Ct.

40 Cards, all Chromo, Glass and Motto in case, name in gold and jet 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

50 All Gold Chromo and Lit'a Cards (no 2 alike.) Name on 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

40 Floral Hand and Bouquet Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD

For Infants and Invalids.

OLD PEOPLE whose digestive powers are impaired will find this diet invaluable. Many are adopting this article as a DAILY DIET. It is superior and more palatable than oatmeal and other similar preparations, and being thoroughly cooked in its manufacture it does not sour or spoil. For those suffering from INDIGESTION, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels, it is unsurpassed, as its soothing and nourishing properties particularly adapt it to all conditions of the stomach.

Ridge's Food is one of the best, cheapest and most reliable Foods in the World, and thousands of Children are saved every year by its use.

RIDGE'S FOOD receives the indorsement of physicians of all schools the world over.

Put up in cans, and sold by druggists everywhere.

WOOLRICH & CO. on every label.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT

FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 10 CTS. EACH. Prof Heller's Magical Tricks Cards 10 cts. Tricz Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 30 cts New Wooden Bird call 10 cts Mechanical Grasshopper jumps six feet high 10 cents Young's Great Book of 600 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 30 cts Gents Perfect Letter Writer 30 cts Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 30 cts Selections for Autograph Albums 30 cts Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts Horse Owners Guide 25 cts Morsels of Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts Showman's Guide 15 cts Our Knowledge Box or Odd Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $2 40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken. World M'f'g Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.

Smithnight's ASTHMA REMEDY

The Only Sure Remedy for ASTHMA and HAY FEVER, is sold under a positive guarantee. Price $1.00 per package. Sample package and testimonials free. *Address*

LOUIS SMITHNIGHT, Chemist, Cleveland, O.

CHEAPEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD

Macaulay's History of Eng. 3 Vols 12mo vols. cloth only $2.00. Taine's History of Eng. Literature, 4 Vols 12mo vols. handsomely bound, for only $2.00. Publishers' descriptive catalogues Free.

MANHATTAN BOOK CO 16 W. 14th St. N.Y. P.O. Box 4586.

Luxuriant Mustache

Can be grown on any face in 30 days by using Wells' Hair Balsam. A harmless preparation for the growth of the hair, containing no sulphur, lead, nitrate of silver or other injurious ingredients. Will grow hair on the palm of the hand. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address, CHAS. WELLS, Manufacturer, 48 S. Delaware Av. Philadelphia, Pa.

A Sure relief for Asthma. KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Price 50 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER PACKAGE, 25 CTS. Makes five gallons of a delicious and sparkling beverage,—wholesome and temperate. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address, CHAS. E. HIRES, Manufacturer, 48 S. Delaware Av. Philadelphia, Pa.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $175 up. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

70 NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS, Name on 10c. or 40 all GILT AND BEVEL EDGE CARDS 10c. The U. S. CARD FACTORY, Clintonville, Conn.

30 Lovely Moss Rose and Ass't Chromo Cards, name on 10c. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

This Invitation is From John Wanamaker.

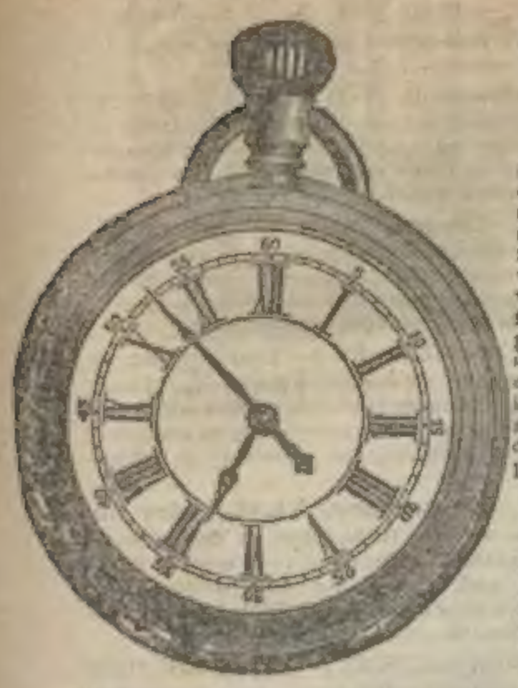
On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.



WATCHES ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.

OUR TWO DOLLAR WATCH.

It is the common practice of the Gold and Silver refiners of England and Switzerland to purchase from the Pawnbrokers of their respective countries all the gold and silver watches which have been unredeemed simply for the sake of the gold and silver cases. The works are then sold to a celebrated watch firm who have made a specialty of this business. This firm place the works in the hands of skillful workmen who set to work and put them in as good condition as possible. These works embrace every variety of movement, some of them being very fine and perfect time-keepers, others not quite so good, but averaging **good,** so that take these watches right straight through, they are certainly the best value for the **money ever offered.** The cases are strong white metal. Altogether there could not be a better investment as you are sure in every case to get your money's worth and in most cases a great deal more than the trifling cost, while in some cases you are sure to get a splendid time-keeper. We have put the price right down to lowest point, viz:—We will send a watch by express for **Two Dollars. Two Watches** by express for **$3.75 SPECIAL.** We will send one watch by Registered Mail postage paid, for **Two Dollars and Twenty-Five Cents. Two Watches** by registered mail, for **Four Dollars.** As the express charges are likely to be more than the postage, customers will find it to their advantage to have the Watches sent by mail. Send Post Office Order or Registered Letter.

World Manufacturing Co., *122* Nassau St. New York.

DURABLE WATCHES

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

We call special attention to the following list of Watches, **and to the prices** at which we are selling them, and ask as a favor that before purchasing elsewhere you **compare** our **prices** with those of other dealers.

No. 1. Our new Imitation Silver 2 oz. Hunting Cased Watch, Beautifully Engraved, with full Jeweled American Lever movement, an excellent time-keeper, price.....$5 00
No. 2. Same style case with American Cylinder Movement,.....$3 00
No. 3. Plain Nickel Silver Hunting Case, American Cylinder Movement, Price only.....$5 00
No. 4. Im. Silver Hunting Cased, Swiss Cylinder, price only.....$4 00
No. 5. Oreide Gold Hunting Cased Swiss Cylinder, Price.....$4 00
No. 6. Stem winding and stem setting open face Nickel Silver Watch with three-quarter cap, Cylinder Movement, a good time-keeper, a neat watch for a boy, price.....$5 00
No. 7. Stem Winding and Stem Setting open face Solid Nickel Silver Watch, Fine Jeweled Lever Movement guaranteed an accurate time keeper, price.....$10 00
No. 8. Coin Silver, Hunting Cased Stem Winding and Stem Setting Watch with very fine full Jeweled Lever Movement, one of the best watches made, price.....$15 00
No. 9. Coin Silver Hunting Cased Watch, full Jeweled Improved American Lever Movement, Expansion Balance, guaranteed for time..$10 00

Very handsome Nickel Silver Chains, each, $1 00. Gold Plated Chains $1 00 each. Send money by Registered Letter, or P. O. Money Order.

World Manuf'g Co. 122 Nassau St., New York.

ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES.

During the past year, we have had many enquiries for **Stem Winding and Stem Setting Watch** one that could be relied upon as a good time-keeper, sufficiently attractive in appearance for any gentleman to carry, and that we could sell at a price low enough to come within the reach of those whose duties compel them to carry a **correct time-keeper,** but whose circumstances will not admit of their purchasing a high priced watch. After going over the whole field of American Manufacture, and finding nothing that would "fill the Bill" in every respect, for time-keeping qualities, for appearance and in price, we concluded to look over the foreign markets and see if something could not be found that would answer the purpose. We therefore sent a member of our firm to Europe to look up the watch business. He visited England, France, Germany and Switzerland, and in Switzerland, rightly named the "Paradise of watch makers," found just what we wanted, **a fine Stem Winding, Nickel Movement, Jeweled Watch** (fully equal to those put up in Gold Cases, and sold in this Country at $100 and $150.) By giving a large order, we got the price reduced sufficiently low, so that we could use them in our trade. The next step was to find the right kind of case for the new watch, and armed with a letter of introduction to Professor Lorschfield of Geneva, (the discoverer and only manufacturer of the celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold,) an interview was obtained. Specimens of the metal were examined, and also numerous articles manufactured therefrom. The resemblance to Gold, was marvelous. The Professor exhibited with much pride two grand prize medals awarded at the Great International Expositions held at Paris for the general resemblance of the metal to gold for its adaptability for the manufacture of useful and ornamental articles; and also for its lasting brilliancy. The interview resulted in our giving an order for cases to be made from **his Aluminum Gold** for our **New Stem Winding Watch.** We have them made in the popular Mansard style.

They are elegantly engraved, or engine turned, and are unsurpassed for beauty of workmanship. Every case is stamped with the date of awarding the Prize medals, Paris 1867 and 1878. **(Just here let us say** There are several parties selling watches which they call Aluminum Gold, but which are nothing but common Oreide and not to be compared with **Genuine Aluminum Gold.** And yet they ask the same price for one of their key winding Oreide watches, that we do for **a fine Stem Winding and Stem Setting Aluminum Gold Watch.** The watches are manufactured of the best material and made with improved machinery, and finished by skilled hand labor, thus insuring an accurate time-keeper beyond peradventure. Great care is used in finishing them and particularly in adjusting them for **Rail Road use.** We have spared no pains or expense in perfecting this Watch, both Case and Movement, and now have the pleasure of offering to the public a watch, which in style and for time keeping qualities is **only equaled by Watches that cost ten times as much. Sample Watch** by Registered Mail, **Ten Dollars;** we will send one of the above Watches to any person who orders it with the intention of acting as agent, if found satisfactory, for **Nine Dollars.** Send money by Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter. We will send the watch C. O. D. if Two Dollars is sent on account, the balance can be paid at the express office when the watch is delivered. Let us hear from you with an order.

World Manufacturing Co., 122 Nassau St., New York

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCHES.

Almost every young gentleman prides himself upon carrying a watch of some kind, and gentlemen can, with perfect propriety, carry a silver watch, an imitation gold, or a nickel watch, provided it is a good time-keeper. Although ladies have the same pride about carrying a watch, and take the same pleasure in doing so that Gentlemen do, still the great majority of Ladies do not carry watches. There are two reasons for their not doing so. First, it is not considered quite the proper thing for a Lady to carry any but a Gold Watch, and second, Gold Watches have heretofore been so high in price that the majority of young ladies could not afford to own one. Realizing this condition of things, we have after much time spent in Experimenting, and at **great expense** perfected **a beautiful Ladies' Watch** with **Solid Gold Hunting Cases** which we are enabled to sell at the unheard of low price of **Twelve Dollars,** making it the **cheapest Gold Watch in the World,** and thus placing it within the reach of almost every young lady in the land. And young Gentlemen who have desired to make their favorite sister, or sweetheart a present of a Watch, (and, by the way, a nice Watch is one of the prettiest and one of the most desirable presents that can be given,) and who have been prevented by the high price of watches from doing so, can now purchase for a present, **an Elegant Gold** Watch, without feeling impoverished a whole year afterward by so doing. We make the cases of our New Ladies Watch of **Solid Gold** with beveled edges after the newest patterns, and they are Elegantly Engraved, and in very truth they are "Things of Perfect Beauty." They have fine Nickel Movement, and are fully guaranteed for time.

Every Watch is put up in beautiful velvet lined Rosewood Case. We send them to any part of the country by Registered mail, on receipt of **$12.00.** To send a **Double Extra fine Gold Plated Opera** or **Long Chain** with the watch on receipt of $3.00 additional. Send money by Registered mail. P. O. money order, or draft on New York.

ADDRESS, *WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. 122 Nassau Street, New York.*

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Stanfield, Barron Co., Wis., May 21, 1881.
Gents—I have received the Imitation Gold Watches you sent to me, and am well pleased with them and shall order more in a few days.
Respectfully,
NORBERT RABERGE.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Three Creeks, S. C., April 20th, 1881.
Gents—I sent to you some time ago for two Nickel Silver Watches, and was very much pleased with them. I now send for two of the $2.00 Watches and another Hunting cased Nickel Watch. Enclosed find $6.00. Please forward watch at once, and oblige,
Respectfully,
JOHN COVINGTON.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. McVeytown, Mifflin Co., Pa., April 20th, 1881.
Gents—I received the Imitation Gold Watch the 10th of last month, and was well satisfied with it. I sold it a few days ago for $12.00. Enclosed find $6.00 for another. As long as you send me good watches I shall buy from you. So far I am well satisfied with them. Please forward soon, and
I remain yours truly,
WM. F. SHAFFER.

To the Columbian Paper, New York City. North Washington, Harden Co., Ohio, April 23d, 1881.
Sir—Since writing to you about the World Manufacturing Co., of your city, I have received the American Cylinder Watch I ordered of them. The watch is fully as good as recommended.
Respectfully,
E. MAYNARD, P. M.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Belmont, Mo., May 6th, 1881.
Gents—I received the Imitation Gold Watch in good order, and was well satisfied with it; I now send you $4.00 for two of the $2.00 Watches; please forward them by Registered Mail, and oblige,
Respectfully,
A. WATTEMATE.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Saint Paul, Robeson Co., N. C., May 7th, 1881.
Sirs—I received the six Imitation Gold Watches, all in good order except the one which has a hand off. I have already sold five of them, and will soon send another order. I have tried several other houses, and find your watches the cheapest and most saleable of any I have ever handled. Respectfully,
E. G. JOHNSON.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Seligman, Barry Co., Mo., May 3d, 1881.
Gents—The watch I received of you some time ago gives good satisfaction, and is a good time-keeper. Enclosed find One Dollar, for which send another Imitation Gold Watch like the last sent me C. O. D. for balance, and oblige,
Yours respectfully,
G. P. ROGERS.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. N. 178 North High Street, Columbus, Ohio, May 10, 1881.
Gents—My Premium Aluminum Gold Watch arrived to-day, for which please accept thanks. I am well pleased with it. Please send me an Open-Face Heavy Glass Spring Back Imitation Gold Watch, Gents' size; send soon, and you will get another order from me before long. Yours truly,
SAMUEL REEDY.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Orbinsonia, Pa., May 5d, 1881.
Gents—I received the Aluminum Gold Watch purchased from you last month, in good order, and am well pleased with it, and think I shall do well selling them and your other goods. Enclosed find $1.00. Please send me one of your Imitation Gold, American Movement Watches by Express C. O. D. You sent the other watch well packed, which pleased me much.
Respectfully,
WM. RAY.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Laverne, Rock Co., Minn., May 4th, 1881.
Gents—I received my watch in good order; it keeps time all right, and is a much finer watch than I expected, as I did not suppose so good a watch could be sold for $12.00. It is admired by all who have seen it. I inclose $24.00 for two more of the watches for two lady friends. Please send them at once, and oblige,
Yours,
MRS. R. W. COLLINS.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. —— Box 53, Norwood, Bergen Co., N. J., May 9th, 1881.
Gents—The Ladies' Gold Watch purchased from you came duly to hand. It is keeping time correctly, and is perfectly satisfactory in every respect.
Yours very truly,
M. A. ALLEN.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau St., New York. Columbus, Ohio, April 15th, 1881.
Gents—The Stem-Winding Watch you sent me was splendid. Please send me two more of the same style; also one Imitation Gold Watch, Gents; also one Ladies' Imitation Gold Watch and Chain. Send by Express, and I remain,
Respectfully,
SAMUEL REEDY, 176 N. High St., Columbus, O.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Office Adams Express Co., Williamsons, Va., April 16th, 1881.
Gentlemen—Watch received: am more than pleased with it. I have sold 15 for $25.00 to a R. R. man. Please send me another at once of the same pattern; send Chain also, and oblige,
N. B. BURKS.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau St., New York. Milton, Iowa, April 19th, 1881.
Gentlemen—I received the Imitation Gold Watch on the 5th of March. I have had it now over a month, and it is proving a much better watch than I had expected for the money. It holds its color splendidly, and is keeping correct time.
Respectfully,
C. F. ATKINS

Woodville, Jeff. Co., N. Y., April 8th, 1881.
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.
Gents—The Two-Dollar Watch came safely to hand, and now I have got it regulated, is keeping good time. I shall want a number more soon.
Very respectfully,
D. H. SAND.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Charlottesville, Hancock Co., Ind., March 31st, 1881.
Gentlemen—I received the Two-Dollar Watch all right. I wound her up and started her; she has run ever since as well as a watch that would cost $25.00. Please send me two more; enclosed find $4.00.
Respectfully,
BENJ. McCLAMON.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Pleasanton, Texas, March 22d, 1881.
Gents—The Imitation Silver Watch you sent me by mail proves to be a good time-keeper, and I am much pleased with it; it is a beauty for so small a price, and is a display of excellent workmanship. My first venture proves satisfactory; send me a Catalogue, and you will hear from me again soon.
Yours truly,
H. C. FOUNTAIN.

Copenhagen, Jackson Co., Ala., January 18th, 1881.
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.
Gents—I received the Two-Dollar Watch in due time; it run all right, and I sold it for $1.25. Enclosed find $2.25 for another of the same kind.
Respectfully,
JOHN P. ADAMS.

Office of G. T. Clifton, Treasurer of Faulkner Co., Ark., April 8th, 1881.
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO.
Dear Sirs—Enclosed find money order for $15.00, for which send me two best Imitation Gold Watches, and three chains to match. Send the same as sent before. The watches give satisfaction, and I will send you a large order soon.
Yours, etc.,
GEO. T. CLIFTON.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Swan Island, Tenn., Feb. 23d, 1881.
Gentlemen—The Imitation Gold Watch received. It pleases me well; send me two more at once, and oblige,
WM. ROBBOTH,
Silversmith.

Salisbury Corners, Herkimer Co., N. Y., March 7th, 1881.
WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.
Gentlemen—The last watch came through all right, and proved to be a good one for time. Please send me another; enclosed find $2.25.
Respectfully,
WM. H. FOSTER

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Bowdon, Ga., March 4, 1881.
Gentlemen—I received the Imitation Silver Watch all right, and am well pleased with it. It is a much better watch than I expected.
Yours truly,
JOHN H. DOWNS.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Kittrells, N. C., March 29th, 1881.
Gentlemen—I received the Two-Dollar Watch ordered from you, and am well pleased with it. Enclosed find $2.25, for which send me another, and I will order again soon,
Respectfully,
WILLIE A. BRUMMETT.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Peterson, Utah, March 21, 1881.
Gents—The watches and books received promptly. The watches are very satisfactory. Enclosed find $25.50 for three more Imitation Gold Watches. I remain,
Yours, etc.,
P. ANDERSON.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO. Camden, S. C., April 11th, 1881.
Sirs—I received the goods in good order. I am highly pleased with my premium watch, and my friends are so well pleased with it that I shall have to send for a number of them. I shall order more goods soon.
Yours truly,
J. G. HARPE.

Mt. Sterling, Madison Co., Ohio, March 20th, 1881.
To The WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., New York.
Please find enclosed $2.00. I want a good chain and charm to fit my Gold Watch. I received the watch all right, and am well pleased with it. Now send me a nice Chain and Charm, and I remain,
Respectfully,
THOMAS ALKIRE.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

AMONGST the rich materials most in vogue at present are shot satins, and watered and moire silks and satins; these are used in combination with plain silken fabrics for dressy toilettes. A costume of plain satin merveilleux and watered silk has the skirt of satin pleated all around from above the knees; encircling the upper part is a scarf drapery of satin forming a puffed tunic at the back. Two straight panels of watered silk ornament the front of the skirt below the scarf drapery; they are laid on the pleats and reach to the edge of the skirt, leaving only a small space between them. A deep open jacket of watered silk with rounded basques in front is fastened at the waist only, and shows a full chemisette of surah gathered in several rows across the top of the chest. The sleeves are of watered silk with narrow pleatings of surah at the wrist, and the two collars, one standing up, the other deeper and falling on the shoulders, are also of watered silk. Watteau buttons, beautifully painted, are generally used with dresses of shaded and watered silken fabrics.

Lighter toilettes are charmingly ornamented with flounces of embroidered muslin and pleatings of lace, Valenciennes and point d' Aurillac being the favorite kinds. A very clever imitation of Venetian guipure on pale ecru batiste is also much employed for ornamenting dressy toilettes, and is very original and effective.

For evening toilette a few ladies have adopted low bodices with moderately deep basques of black or dark colored velvet; these are worn without any lace or other trimming at the neck and sleeves, a perfect fit being the only thing required with them. The skirt may be of satin, surah, or even muslin, trimmed in a most lavish manner with flowers, ribbons, and lace.

Walking toilettes are in endless variety this season, so that almost any peculiarity in taste can be satisfied, both as regards bright and sombre coloring.

Among the pretty costumes I have seen are the following: One of soft grey voile and surah, the skirt composed of two pleated flounces of surah, and the draped tunic of voile reaching only to the hips and there replaced by a deep gauging of the surah. The short basque bodice is trimmed with a bias band of surah, and has a fichu of the same gathered at the neck and again at the waist, where it ends in puffs and a large bow. A grey straw hat shading the face is trimmed with surah and shaded grey feathers.

In contrast to this pretty toilette is one perhaps equally pretty but in quite a different style, and made of dark blue sateen and bayadere sateen. The skirt is trimmed with four narrow flounces of bayadere and edged with a bulayouse of the dark blue sateen, and the tunic is also of plain sateen, draped at the back with bayadere scarfs. The short jacket bodice is made quite plain in front, but cut up at the back in tabs lined with bayadere sateen, and the pointed collar and parements are made to match. A straw hat, worn off the face and trimmed with a large Alsatian bow of bayadere and a dark blue feather, completes the costume.

Another pretty walking dress is of fine grey cashmere or serge, the skirt trimmed with three deep-pleated flounces edged with shaded grey surah and the blouse bodice fastened round the waist with a shaped satin band, to which is attached a very deep pleating of the material of the dress, forming a fourth flounce. A surah scarf mantle is drawn tightly across the chest, imprisoning the arms, and is trimmed with ruches of surah and grey lace, and the grey straw chapeau is ornamented with shaded feathers. Another very stylish costume is of navy blue surah pleated in large pleats, and on the front of each pleat a band of embroidery trimming the whole length. A striped light and dark blue scarf tunic is edged with embroidery, fastened on one side with bow of blue ribbon, and draped at the back in a short tunic a la Jeannette. Plain blue bodice with striped collar and half-long sleeves with striped parements; a straw chapeau lined with dark blue surah and trimmed with a striped drapery. A more dressy costume is of terra-cotta satin merveilleux, edged with three pleatings headed by bouillonnes. The short gathered scarf tunic has very large pink Pompadour revers joined in the centre of the tunic with a bow of satin matching the dress, and draped at the back in loops. The plain bodice with deep basques is open at the back to show pleatings of the pink Pompadour; parements to match, and a Bolero hat of black straw trimmed with a plume of shaded terra-cotta to pink feathers.

Short skirts are made with a whole series of pleated flounces, sometimes of the dress material only, but frequently alternated with flounces of black or white lace. A charming toilette is of black satin merveilleux trimmed with seven narrow flounces bound with cerise satin, alternating with seven flounces of black Spanish lace. These flounces cover the front and sides of the dress; the back has a draped tunic end of red and black brocho. The bodice is pointed in front and has long coat-tails at the back. These skirts are frequently so arranged that they can be worn with different bodices of brocade or satin.

A dress of electric blue satin has the skirt bordered with an 18-inch flounce, crenelated at both edges, and lined with rose color; the front from the waist to the edge is of shaded rose-leaf satin, gauged lengthways, and ornamented at each side with old Valenciennes lace and bows of rose and blue-shaded ribbon; the back forms two gauged puffs, terminating in large flots and a coquille of lace. At the side are two pockets of blue satin, trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon; and the edge of the skirt is finished off with a bulayouse of shaded rose-leaf satin, and one of white Russian lace. The corsage and Duchesse sleeves are trimmed with Valenciennes lace and bows of ribbon; and the edge of the skirt is finished off with a bulayouse of shaded rose-leaf satin, and one of white Russian lace. The corsage and Duchesse sleeves are trimmed with Valenciennes lace and bows of shaded ribbon.

A toilette of cotton surah has the skirt bordered with five pleatings of self-colored surah, each one being of a different shade, to correspond with the floral design on the dress, and all trimmed at the edge with lace; the draped tunic, of floral surah, is ornamented with lace and ribbon; and the corsage, forming a demi-polonaise, is gauged in front and draped at the side, the edge trimmed with lace. A dress of old gold color satin merveilleux and ecru embroidered net, is encircled with four alternate sets of two flounces of satin and two of embroidered net; the back is formed of large puffs of satin, mingled with embroidered net. The corsage is of satin covered with net; and the sleeves have sabots of the same. A toilette of pale blue voile is pleated from the waist to the edge in front, and intersected at regular spaces by five bands of bayadere, edged with narrow pleating; at the back are five pleated flounces, and the corsage of bayadere is gauged closely in front; the tunic forms two points at the sides, and a large coquille at the back. Muslin dresses are in great favor, trimmed with lace and embroidery; but these will be reserved chiefly for amusements at the seaside and at watering-places.

Fireside Chat.

PAINTING ON SUNSHADES.

WHETHER the ornamenting sunshades is a rage not outlasting the present summer, or whether it is a fashion which will become completely permanent, is a doubtful question; but at any rate, while it does prevail our readers may be glad of a few hints on the best way of painting them; especially as amateur's work, when it is really good, has for things of this kind a freshness and originality which bought work, turned out as its designs are by the thousand, never possesses.

Sunshades may be painted in several different ways. The painting itself may be in either oil or water-color, and executed either when the material is unmade, or on the sunshade after it is made up. The work requires great accuracy and care, and the design for it must be absolutely resolved on and worked out before tracing or transferring, as it is at best rather troublesome and any alteration would show like a blotch.

In regard to the painting, it is executed as ordinary painting on silk or satin. Oil painting will not crack, and it is done on these materials precisely as on canvas or on any other. The paint must not be laid on too thickly, and it must be well ground, and very little medium must be used, or it will not dry quickly enough. The brushes requisite are small bristles for the broader and red sables for the finer touches. As to the colors requisite, they depend wholly on the design.

The design being drawn or transferred on the material, the whole of it is filled in with veloutine, and when this is dry, Chinese white, ground with a small quantity of veloutine, is laid on it again, and painted over with water-colors, which also may be mixed with veloutine instead of water, just as paper would be—the light washes first and the shadows afterwards; the lights and shadows being somewhat more distinct and broader in effect than in work seen close to the eye; or, the veloutine being laid on, the Chinese white may be mixed with the colors, and the work done as body color painting. Veloutine may, in this case, also be used for the mixing. The darkest shades are, in this mode of painting, put in first, and the lights are superimposed. A sufficiency of Chinese white to make the darkest shade required is mixed with a color, and the tint so prepared is laid on whenever it appears in the design; then more Chinese white is added to make the second shade, and yet more for the lighter ones, the highest lights being put in with Chinese white alone. The shadows are best laid on with the complementary colors; but as to enter fully into this subject would be somewhat out of our province, we must, for further information upon it, refer our readers to the many treatises on coloring which have been published of late years. The shading, the shadows, and the high lights having been all put in, the work is completed by a few touches of pure color, which, added in the right place, deepen the effect greatly. No color whatever must be put on before the previously laid one is thoroughly dry. The Chinese white must be ground till it is not thicker than cream; if it is too liquid, or used with too full a brush, it will run through; but attention and practice are the best guides in this and many other matters. Chinese white may be kept from hardening in the bottle by adding to it a drop or two of water every time any is taken out.

There is a third mode of painting on silk which is suited for pale or white grounds, and this is in water-color alone, used as dry as possible, with no medium of any kind or any previous sizing. The brush is held rather upright, and the palest tint is laid on first. When this is dry, the second shades are added, and so on until the whole is finished. Silk painting executed in this way is not so clear or distinct as when it is in oils or body colors, but it has the advantage of never rubbing or cracking. If veloutine medium is used without Chinese white the work will be clearer and brighter, but it will not have the peculiar effect of the dry color alone. Satin cannot be painted with simple water-colors as silk can, but it may be with water-colors if they are mixed with the veloutine medium.

So much for the painting, which, it will be seen, does not differ from the usual painting on silk and satin; and like this also the work must be tightly pinned out on a board, with a sheet of tissue paper between, or at any rate stretched tightly in some way. If a sunshade is to be painted, it is therefore much easier to have the material cut out by a regular maker, and to paint it before it is mounted. In this case, if the design extends over more than one of the gores, it exactly matches with the next, and the material taken up in the seams must, therefore, be accurately marked out. The gores must then be tacked together by the marks, and the design either traced with a soft pencil on light materials or white chalk on black, or be transferred as if the silk were all in one piece. It can then be taken to pieces again, and the gores may be pinned out separately on a board, with small toilet pins about half an inch apart, always having the tissue paper underneath; or it can be pinned out in one piece. But if this is the easiest it is also the most expensive method of setting to work, as it costs far more to have the material cut out and mounted than to buy the sunshade ready made.

Roses, poppies, and other flowers with deciduous petals, may have some of these scattered and falling, but then some of the flowers should have apparently lost them. And in painting a trail it should always be remembered that leaves will harmonize with anything—ivy; hops, some of them turning brown; a trail of briar with berries; Virginia creeper, which in summer is a lovely green, and in autumn has an almost endless variety of tints, so that it would hardly ever look incongruous; the new variegated vine; the ivy-leaved geranium; or the wild but ever lovely bryony of either species, would all be harmonious and are all beautiful. Ferns, from their withering in the sun, are scarcely congruous, graceful as a plume thrown apparently on the sunshine would be. A novel idea would be a sort of moss-ness, running off into wandering trails of stag's horn club moss or feather moss.

A bouquet of flowers, Marguerites and grasses, cornflowers and corn, or carnations—those most decorative of smaller flowers—so carelessly tied together that some have fallen in different directions, all flung down at random, is perhaps hardly novel. A spray coming out from the centre, of convolvulus, lapageria, or other trumpet-shaped blossom, with two humming birds hovering near, would be newer; or the spray or flowers might spring from the edge, and the birds and butterflies hover above. One tropical flower, with one butterfly (of course, of the same region) fluttering about; or a cloud of butterflies, among which none would look gayer than our own white and white orange-tipped; or, for a blue costume, none more summer-like than a cloud of our summer blue ones on either a pale blue, pale green, or ivory ground, with a blossom here and there of the purple-blue scabious in which they delight.

A flight of swallows, crossing the sunshade diagonally, would be quaint; so would be a single one flying *off*, not on it.

DISTANCE OF STARS.—"The earth's orbit," said a lecturer, "which is more than 190,000,000 miles in diameter, as most of the stars dwindle to a mere point, and has no sensible size whatever. If you suppose a railway from the earth to the nearest fixed star, which is supposed to be 20,000,000,000 miles from us; and if you suppose the price of the fare to be one penny for every hundred miles—not, mind! a penny per mile—then, if you take a mass of gold to the ticket office equal to the national debt ($3,800,000,000,) it would not be sufficient to pay for a ticket to the nearest fixed star. And I think I should not be wrong in saying that there are stars so far off that at the price of one penny for every hundred miles the whole treasury of the earth would not be sufficient to pay for a ticket."

BUSTLE is not industry any more than impudence is courage.

Correspondence.

W. A. Y., (Plainfield, N. J.)—We are not sufficiently well-posted on your local affairs to answer your question.

KENT, (Madison, Wis.)—No; it is very rude in any gentleman to send a message to ladies to whom he has never been introduced, asking them to go out in a boat to take a sail with him. Have nothing to do with such a one.

MRS. D., (Macon, Miss.)—You are already a fair writer, but your spelling is very faulty indeed. As for character in a letter, good spelling, punctuation, and grammar with a bad hand, is preferable to the best of chirography without them.

DAISY, (Marathon, Pa.)—You appear to be in the right and your cousins in the wrong. Don't be so foolish as to believe that even cousins will speak disinterestedly of you, when your beauty as compared with theirs is the point at issue. There is no friendship in love.

P. A. Y., (Waterbury, Vt.)—Under the circumstances we think it the place of the ladies to provide the eatables for the picnic. It is more natural to them, and, though not very particular, we would not care to be a guest on a festive occasion of that kind, where the average man was a cook.

B. S., (Sumpter, S. C.)—If you are right in your conjectures that the young man in question likes you very much, and that he does not care for the young lady he is now paying his attention to, you need not do anything to make him devote his attentions to you exclusively; he will soon give the other young lady up entirely.

J. C. M., (Quitman.)—1. The poetry is good; in fact, it is full of the true poetical spirit, but it is on a subject that makes it hardly acceptable. Try your hand at something else; we feel sure that you will do well. 2. August 6, 1861. 3. If you mean an English translation you can get it at Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

SUB., (Barboursville, Ky.)—We have never heard of the book. You might make inquiries of Peterson & Bro., Publishers, this city. 2. You can probably get "Woman Against Woman" either at Peterson's or Lippincott's. 3. Your writing is easily read, but wants freedom. This, however, will come with time, as the more one writes the freer the hand grows.

BLOCKHEAD, (Cayuga, N. Y.)—Your estimate of yourself is too low. Many a sensible, aye, even wise man, is as ignorant of the usages of society as you profess to be. On entering a church, theatre, or concert-room, if someone is showing you both to a seat, follow the lady. If you are to show the lady to a seat go before her to the end of the seat or the door of the pew.

BEY, (Arundel, Wis.)—"I am over thirty years old and have no signs of beard on my face. I have seen the following recipe for promoting the growth of hair on the face: Two ounces of cologne, one drachm of aqua ammonia, two drachms of tincture of cantharides, and twelve drops each of oil of rosemary, oil of nutmeg, and oil of lavender. Do you think it would be any harm for me to try it?" It would be perfectly safe for you not to try it.

OLD-TIME READER, (La Salle, Wis.)—In painting, the Dutch School, generally speaking, is founded on a faithful representation of nature, without attention to selection or refinement. The ideas are usually low, and the figures local and vulgar. Its merit lies in coloring and drawing with extreme fidelity what was before the eye of the artist. The pothouse, the workshop, or the drunken revels of unintellectual boors seem to have furnished its principal subjects.

COLIN, (Montgomery, Ala.)—The Bengal Sepoys, or Sepahis, are taken from the agricultural classes of Indian society. They are almost all the sons of cultivating proprietors of the soil, whose families have increased beyond the means of subsistence. When the father dies, the elder son takes his place. If he be a soldier in a distant land, and can afford to do so, he resigns his service, and returns home to take his post at the head of the family.

DUB, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Feathers may be curled by warming them by the fire, and then shaping them by means of an ivory paper-knife. 2. To clean white ostrich feathers, take four ounces of white soap, cut small, dissolved in four pints of water, rather hot, in a large basin; make it into a lather by beating it with birch rods or wires. Steep the feathers in the lather and rub well for five or six minutes. After this soaping, rinse in clean and very hot water. Shake until dry.

JACK KETCH, (Sunbury, Pa.)—As far as we have been able to find out eight women have been hanged for murder in Pennsylvania during the present century: Elizabeth Rinker, Chester county, September 8, 1806; Eliza Moore, York county, April 21, 1809; Charlotte Jones, Allegheny county, February 12, 1859; Mary Twiggs, Montour county, October 22, 1836; Martha Gunder, Allegheny county, January 19, 1838; Lena Miller, Clearfield county, November 13, 1857; Catharine Miller, 1860, and one other.

MATHEWS, (Union, Pa.)—"My friend holds that there is no such a thing as true love, and consequently that there never was a marriage based solely and entirely on love, but that some selfish or worldly motive always exists with one or both parties entering into such an engagement. I believe that there have been unions formed where true love and affection for each other were the only reasons that prompted those concerned to seek marriage. Please answer." We agree with you rather than with your friend. He may have been unfortunate in the circle in which he has moved.

INQUISITIVE, (Erie, Pa.)—1. Much doubt is attached to the origin of the words Europe, Asia, and Africa. Modern scholars believe the name Europe to be derived from an Assyrian or Hebrew root, which signifies the "west" or setting sun, and the name of Asia from a corresponding root, meaning the "east" or rising sun, and that they were used at one time to imply the west and east. The word Africa is the Latin substitute for the Greek of Libya. Some of the earliest Greek geographers divided their known world into two portions only—Europe and Asia—in which Libya was included. Herodotus ranks Libya as one of the chief divisions of the world. 2. The diamond-beetles of Brazil are adorned with beautiful colors, and the horny coverings of such species are used by jewelers in the manufacture of personal ornaments. 3. Tuning-forks are manufactured in this country. A fork invented in Germany is capable of adjustment to different standards of pitch, by means of a movable brass slider fitted with a screw, there being indications on the prongs of the position of the slider which give the pitch adopted by the principal orchestras of this country.